ANTIOCH the REVIEW

SUMMER '60

The Crisis of European Socialism

England
NORMAN BIRNBAUM

France
ROY C. MACRIDIS

Italy
ANTONIO GIOLITTI

Germany
LEWIS J. EDINGER
and DOUGLAS A. CHALMERS

Cleavage and Consensus in American Politics
HEINZ EULAU

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ANTIOCH the REVIEW

SUMMER '60 VOLUME XX NO. 2

The Year Zero of British Socialism 133
article by NORMAN BIRNBAUM

The Predicament of French Socialism 153
article by ROY C. MACRIDIS

Overture or Swan Song: German Social Democracy Prepares for a New Decade 163
article by LEWIS J. EDINGER
and DOUGLAS A. CHALMERS

Italian Socialism's Pillars of Hercules 176
article by ANTONIO GIOLITTI

A Waitress I Coveted 184
poem by GEORGE ABBE

Cleavage and Consensus in American Politics 185
article by HEINZ EULAU

Progeny 197
poem by JACK MATTHEWS

Come Back to My Garden 198
poem by PARM MAYER

In the Greener Roar 199
poem by HELEN SUE ISELY

The Fumador 200
story by HERBERT LOBSENZ

Two Gardens 208
poem by JACK MATTHEWS

Hear 209
poem by JEANNETTE NICHOLS

For Grandfather Godsey; For Grandfather Corns 210
poems by EDWIN S. GODSEY

The Women Who Watch Me 212
poem by LARRY RUBIN

Winesburg Revisited 213
article by JOHN H. SULLIVAN

Winged 221
poem by DIANA REED

Resurrection 222
poem by JOHN ENGLES

Jessica Walking 223
poem by JOHN ENGLES

The Enemy 224
story by SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

First Light 237
poem by CARROLL ARNETT

The Riddle of Post-War France 238
review by G. DE BERTIER DE SAUVIGNY

Professing and Teaching 246
review by RICHARD G. YALMAN

Of the Many, a Few: A Fiction Summary 248
review by NOLAN MILLER

The illustration for "The Fumador" is by William Harris; those for "Winesburg Revisited" and "The Enemy" are by Mary Sarnow.

Editor's Shop Talk

In a brief interview with a television newsman recently, Norman Thomas pointed out that the two major American parties have taken over many of the elements of the traditional Socialist Party platform. He was obviously speaking of the "welfare state" legislation of the past thirty years, and he could have proved his point by citing the current debate over health insurance for the aged: Neither side is coming out against such insurance—at least, not publicly; the fight on such bills is no longer over yes or no but over ways and means.

Some observers may see the American Socialist Party as a brand of Marxism dedicated to curing the ills of capitalism but, pushed from the other side by revolutionary communism, ending up impotently slightly left of Hubert Humphrey. Norman Thomas obviously sees it in the vanguard of political thought, a disseminator of education and practical programs designed to better the lot of the working man at no loss to the democratic spirit or republican form of our government. There was no chagrin, but pride, in his voice as he spoke of the major party adoption of programs that were ostensibly Socialist. It is significant, however, that the remarks were made at the first Socialist National Convention in many years to decide not to enter a slate of candidates in this presidential election.

What remains of a democratic socialist platform when the conservative parties adopt the Welfare State? Are there any new programs to rally around or must they slip into the anonymity of the major parties or the

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Indexed in the
International Index to Periodicals

octopus embrace of a united front of the further left? Nobody but the members seems to worry greatly about the American Socialist Party, since there is no united front threat—or, indeed, much of any threat—from an organized left here. (We would miss their gadfly function if they went under; but, then, they have had no major gadflies since Debs, and the other two parties have been pretty good at producing Wayne Morses, Paul Douglasses, and Stephen M. Youngs.)

In Europe, however, the demise of democratic socialist parties is a more serious threat, since they often hold the balance of power when they are not actually the major opposition party. The threats from right and left are real and felt—to the left, militant and recognized Communist parties; to the right the spectres of unrestrained monopoly capitalism, neofascism, and (in the Catholic countries) sectarianism, to say nothing of the bogey of American imperialism. The socialist parties feel the squeeze and, in England and Germany at least, they are faced with the un-Marxian spectacle of a prosperous and contented working class which would rather be middle class than proletarian.

How the socialist parties react to this two-front threat, these inroads on their doctrines, this apathy of their constituents will write European political history of the sixties. An examination of this crisis is the theme of this issue of *The Antioch Review*. Two of the articles—those on France and Germany—are by American observers; the other two are by participants in, respectively, British and Italian politics.

Another reason for lack of widespread concern in our country over the filching of platform planks, socialist or other, is that this is a long-standing pattern of American politics. Sooner or later, the major parties have embraced more or less similar programs. Only when a party is doctrinaire does it feel its existence threatened by the borrowing of its lumber. This shifting and borrowing, embracing and damning, supporting and rejecting of each other by Democrats and Republicans, so typical of American politics and so confusing to outsiders, is examined by Heinz Eulau on page 185. As a contrast to the European patterns, it illuminates both systems of politics.

* * *

Shortly after accepting John H. Sullivan's "Winesburg Revisited" (page 213), we read in a local paper that one of the major film studios was about to negotiate with the city fathers of Clyde, Ohio, to "rent" the entire town as a ready-built set for the movie version of *Winesburg, Ohio,* much as they took over Oxford, Mississippi, for the filming of *Intruder In the Dust*. We've watched carefully, but have seen no further reference to how this real estate deal worked out. Perhaps Mr. Sullivan's report gives a clue to what the Hollywood boys ran into.

The Year Zero of British Socialism

By NORMAN BIRNBAUM

■ For the first time since the introduction of adult suffrage, a British government has won three successive parliamentary elections. Equally striking, the opposition party has lost votes in each of these elections—and now a previously moribund third party (the Liberals) shows signs of revival as an alternative opposition. No play with electoral statistics and no hopes for an uncertain future can conjure away this fact: the Labour Party polled nearly forty-nine per cent of the total vote in 1951, over forty-six per cent in 1955, and just over forty-three per cent in 1959. The recent result, moreover, occurred after electoral participation had risen by two per cent—which was supposed to favor Labour. In two by-elections held in March of this year, the decline continued. Labour lost a Yorkshire seat it had held, if by a very narrow margin, in the general election; in a London suburb, the Liberals intervened and Labour dropped to third place.

In its post-electoral discussions Labour has shown itself to be rent by bitter internal divisions. The anger with which the contending factions attack each other appears to be a result of their common sense of impotence *vis a vis* the Tories. At Labour's special national conference at Blackpool last fall, the political and spiritual disarray of the assembled M.P.'s, party officials, trade unionists, and constituency members confirmed the ineluctable impression of all who reflect on the British scene: this is the year zero of British socialism.

A native New Yorker, educated at Williams and Harvard, NORMAN BIRNBAUM has been teaching in England for the past several years, formerly at the London School of Economics, now as a fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. He is an editor of *The New Left Review*. His last appearance on these pages was with an article on the English "New Towns" in the Fall, 1954 issue.

In fact, the present crisis in the Labour Party centers about its leader's proposal to "modernise," i.e. eliminate, its socialist commitments. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell proposed, at Blackpool, that the party drop that clause of its constitution calling for the common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Gaitskell, clearly, seeks to convert the Labour Party into a mildly reformist equivalent of the American Northern Democratic Party. He has the fervid support of some not previously conspicuous for their interest in the future of Labour: the Tory and independent press which hopes to see Gaitskell shape a "responsible opposition." More important, he has the backing of elements both influential and powerful in the Labour Party: many of its intellectuals and certainly the majority of the trade unionists. Gaitskell did not hit upon this remedy in post-election despair. Rather, it is the last word spoken by the voices who, since 1955, have ever more loudly urged that the party accept—barring a certain amount of tinkering—the present structure of British society. Briefly (see Anthony Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, 1956) the view is that the welfare state has permanently modified British capitalism, so much so that further structural changes in the property system are not essential. What matters is to use governmental fiscal and other controls to alter the pattern of distribution, and to ensure that the productive powers of the mixed economy are used to the national advantage. In particular, the social services ought to guarantee a certain minimum standard of life, and the educational system must function to keep the class system open—to paraphrase the recent British novel, to make room at the top. It was on these lines that Labour fought the 1959 election.

The fact about the proponents of this sort of socialism (and about Gaitskell) is that, by and large, they are solid and morally impeccable liberals. They generally joined Labour in response to the outrage of pre-war British capitalism; what keeps them with Labour now is the aesthetically repulsive aspects of the new class society and the issue of colonialism. The more unreflective sections of the party, that is to say a good many powerful trade unionists, have chosen to follow these middle-class intellectuals for a variety of reasons—chief of which is that for the moment the unions are pursuing the path of least apparent historical resistance. Having renounced a generalized militancy, and having no economic and

social goals beyond the perfectly comprehensible ones of improved wages, hours, and conditions for their members, the union leaders have naturally conformed to a political dogma which demands nothing additional of them. That both the party's middle-class intellectuals and most of its important trade unionists lack revolutionary aspiration, even of a suppressed kind, is clear. What is less clear, but more critical, is that both groups lack a long-term view of British society.

Precisely the same criticism may be made of Gaitskell's implacable opponents, the Labour left. The left, too, has its middle-class intellectuals (like Michael Foot, the editor of the weekly *Tribune*). It consists of most of the members of the constituency parties (who are regularly outvoted at national conferences by the trade union block vote) and these are more frequently lower middle class than from the skilled working class. The left has the support of some unions of technologists and of the new salariat. More recently, the TGWU (Transport and General Workers' Union) of semi-skilled workers has swung towards it. The left can count on a group of some sixty M.P.'s, the rump of the old Bevanite fraction, now known as "Victory for Socialism." But these considerable resources cannot be increased, or used effectively, if the Labour left persists in its present socialist fundamentalism. It was Foot who led the attack on Gaitskell at Blackpool; the left has stood and fought on the threatened clause in the party constitution. Its socialism, however, has a curiously dated and limited character; its preoccupation with nationalization, for instance, ignores the problem of bureaucratization. The left has failed to develop a wider conception of socialism for an advanced society, and its compulsive calls for warfare against a ruling class only too supple, opaque, and elusive fall upon contemporary ears that are deaf to old slogans born of old realities; the uncommitted and the young are particularly unresponsive. In short, the Labour left is in danger of degenerating into what Gaitskell has already called it—a small and isolated group of sectarians.

Labour, then, appears to be divided between an Old Left and a New Right. Each faction believes, of course, that the other is the chief obstacle to a Labour victory. Each supposes that there is nothing wrong with its program, that the difficulty is one of the "image"

it presents to the electorate. The substitution of the vocabulary of market research for political thought, as we might expect, afflicts the right rather more than the left. The left does see that a socialist party cannot operate successfully on its enemies' ideological terrain: where votes and soap are both commodities, socialism cannot be sold. But the left has its own debilities, chief among them the notion that only a series of unfortunate accidents has kept it from power. If New Right and Old Left did exhaust the potential of Labour, then we should have to expect the party to crumble into fragments before finally disappearing. The situation is, however, rather more complex.

Since the defeat in October, the confusion within the Labour Party has been very great. A number of things, however, are now clear. There is a considerable undercurrent of discontent with Gaitskell in particular and the sort of leadership the party has had in general. A good many party members feel that the strategy of accommodation to the existing social pattern has been tried, and failed; they now want something rather more militant than the genteel Gaitskell is able to provide. A number of trade unionists, meanwhile, have given expression to their old suspicions of the middle-class intellectuals about Gaitskell—suspicions reactivated when one of Gaitskell's associates, Douglas Jay, announced that "Labour" was no longer an appropriate designation for the party. There is nothing necessarily valuable in working-class distrust of the intellectuals, of course, since it can simply reflect the inverted snobbery of the unequal society. But in this case it might lead to a reconsideration of the political values which depict the socialist utopia in this country as a middle-class suburb. For the moment, these—and other—discontents are not quite focussed. The discontented seem equally distant from New Right and Old Left. They agree with the former that new thought is required, with the latter that the party cannot abandon its socialism. There is, then, a substantial body of opinion within the party which is at the moment fluid—indeed, uncertain. It may well look to men like Harold Wilson and James Callaghan, who have been careful not to associate themselves with the New Right, for direction. And, of course, the volatile and brilliant Aneuran Bevan may one day discover that he's had enough of compromise with the present leadership.

This last phrase is, perhaps, deceptive. Gaitskell nearly lost con-

trol of the Blackpool conference and he was saved, then, by Bevan. He has now suffered an ignominious defeat, disguised as a compromise, on his proposal for a revision of the common ownership clause. In March, the National Executive Committee declared that the party's objectives required an extension of common ownership, although it did say that private enterprise had a place in the nation's economy and that further extensions of common ownership were to be decided "in the light of circumstances." The immediate ground for Gaitskell's defeat are to be found in the distaste, in the middle of the party, for further political fratricide. The compromise may drive the conflict underground for a while, but it is sure to emerge again—sooner rather than later. A form of words cannot resolve differences which go so deep.

Yet another reason for Gaitskell's defeat was that his success would have meant the withdrawal from the Party of its hard-tried militants, who in October filled its local committee rooms in a burst of quite unanticipated enthusiasm. The Tory press (and a number of others a bit closer to Labour, like Robert Mackenzie) have urged the party to drop its "extremists," their term for those hundreds of thousands of ordinary members who wish to build a socialist society in Britain. The "extremists," it is held, are a clear electoral liability. But without them, it would in fact be impossible for Labour to fight any election whatsoever. Even with them, it did badly enough.

The party had overhauled its organization for this campaign, and no effort was spared in the marginal constituencies. Nonetheless, marginal seat after marginal seat fell to the Tories—by wide margins. Tory gains were especially pronounced in those areas of the country most affected by new industrial development and its social concomitants: new housing and a changed consumption pattern for the working and lower middle classes. In regions less affected by recent economic changes, the movement of votes was less appreciable. Finally, Labour gained only where cyclical or technological unemployment had occurred. But Labour may have to wait a long time, indeed, before a national pattern of unemployment carries it to office.

An examination of the voting pattern by social class rather than by region suggests, equally, that Labour's problems may increase in the future. About one third of the British working class has always

voted for the Tories. There is some evidence to suggest that in 1959 nearly forty per cent of the workers did so (while workers' wives may well have voted Tory in one out of every two cases). Again, those workers in the newer and more prosperous industries seem to have been most affected by this tendency (the automobile workers, for instance).

Since 1950, the decline in the middle-class vote for Labour has been continuous. In this election, it was most marked for those sections of the middle class whom Labour must rely on if it is to cross the class barrier: scientists, technologists, younger professionals, and executives in the newer components of the economy (as in mass communications). The results from the New Towns suggest that a good many people of this sort voted Liberal.

Finally, those constituencies in which a large number of old persons are living on miserable state pensions failed to show any movement towards Labour, despite the party's pledge to raise pensions immediately and its intensive appeal to the nation's sense of justice on this issue. The aged include many, of course, who have voted Tory because they were brought up in the cap-touching tradition and who conceive of the Tories as the only "national" party. Many of these voters, in fact, supported Labour in 1959. But younger voters, those under thirty-five, swung in exactly the opposite direction. It is difficult to see why the working-class pensioners' better-educated children and grandchildren fail to respond to Labour's pension plan for present and future generations. This discussion, however, takes us from the surface of Britain's political ecology to its depths: what did account for the voting pattern?

The Prime Minister campaigned on the theme: "You've never had it so good." He was, of course, right—for a considerable proportion of the population. Despite regional unemployment, deep pockets of poverty and misery in some sectors of the society (among the aged), and a hard struggle on the margin of comfort for many, the country as a whole is prosperous: real private consumption has risen about twenty per cent in the last decade. Overtime, working wives, and even dual job-holding are indispensable preconditions of the working class share in prosperity. But the productive apparatus does appear to be producing, and those in command of it have been left to get on with their job.

In the face of this massive demonstration of Tory competence (pre-electoral unemployment, more or less deliberately caused in order to relieve inflationary pressures, was reduced in good time by credit relaxtions) Labour's challenge has been curiously muted. Labour does not seem able to deal with a modernized ruling class; its opponents seem quicker and more flexible. Electoral expenditure in Britain is strictly limited by law. But before the election the Tories engaged an advertising agency to mount a systematic campaign which portrayed Labour as the enemy of the good life; big business itself campaigned directly against nationalization, in one instance under the extremely cynical slogan, "It's not your vote we want but your voice." Most of the press, of course, is Tory and the ostensibly neutral channels of mass communication, by endorsing conventional values, in effect make Conservative propaganda. The frightened "neutrality" of the BBC meant that it allowed no violent political controversy. Commercial television was in fact freer in this regard; for the rest, however, its programs were far from contributions to socialist education. "Public opinion" having been shaped in this way, Labour's leaders—in their anxiety to adopt to it—in effect played their opponents' game.

Gaitskell's insistence on dropping the issue of common ownership is, of course, a tribute to the efficacy of Tory propaganda. No doubt, however, that propaganda could utilize a real popular antipathy to nationalization. The antipathy has many sources, not least a lower middle class resentment rooted in the many frustrations of the existence of a hard pressed stratum. But many workers, too, dislike nationalization, and labor relations in the nationalized industries are not always good. The railways are in a state of technical disrepair which a new program of capital investment has yet to check. But the general public conception of the nationalized industries as cumbersome bureaucracies is not entirely false. The Labour Governments of 1945 and 1950 and the trade unions failed to develop new forms of worker participation or public accountability for the nationalized sector; they have now had, in part, their reward. Rational economic discussion of the merits of these industries is hardly possible in the present atmosphere, and the implications of the productive successes of Communist industry have yet to be drawn.

Yet another aspect of Labour's difficulties is the growing

"public," (that is to say, middle class) hostility to trade unions. Both official union wage demands and unofficial strikes have provided occasions for the expression of this hostility, but a good deal of it is due to the recent narrowing of the economic gap between the skilled section of the working class and the middle class. (The lower middle class, staunchly Tory, has just seen the government maintain the differential between the classes; it has opposed a Labour private member's bill to require of offices the same standards of comfort and safety imposed upon factories. But the lower middle class will hardly learn of this; its favorite newspapers have not given much space to the affair.) The London bus strike of May, 1958, appears to have halted a swing towards Labour in the local elections of that year. During the County Council elections of April, 1958, the movement of votes against the Tories was nine per cent; this was cut by three-quarters but three weeks later in the municipal elections—after the strike had begun. In the general election itself, an unofficial strike preceded the loss of momentum that affected Labour's initial drive. The press has, of course, contributed to the hostility to the unions, and even the pro-Labour papers have condemned unofficial strikes. Much has been made of alleged electoral irregularities in the Communist-led Electrical Union. The general animus has even been extended to the unions' rather heavy political habits inside the Labour Party, although those who condemn the unions on this score generally approve of the "moderate" Labour policies enforced upon the Party by union bloc votes.

The government's most obvious mistakes have been in foreign affairs and colonial policy. Its action at Suez, which nearly precipitated a world war, was followed a year later in Jordan by yet another adventure. In British Central and East Africa, mistake has followed mistake. After an inquiry had shown that eleven alleged Mau-Mau prisoners (detained, incidentally, without a trial) had been beaten to death, the government's own commission of inquiry declared that there was not evidence for the "murder plot" discovered in Nyassaland by the Colonial Secretary. Labour's initial attack on Suez was allowed to desist: too many voters seemed to endorse the intervention. Characteristically, Gaitskell's first reaction to Suez was to warn against extra-parliamentary action. The African crisis interested the public less, and here too Labour seemed less determined than it

might have been against a government which relied on imperialistic and racialist sentiments to win support.

Labour, equally, made no very splendid showing on domestic racialism. The first thing that occurred to Gaitskell after the riots in Notting Hill Gate was to praise the police, although the Prime Minister of Jamaica—visiting London a few days later—had an altercation with a bellicose constable and formed a contrary opinion. The Labour M.P. for the affected district made his contribution to the reduction of racial tension: a demand for the restriction of colored immigration.

It is on the related issues of the American alliance and atomic armament that Labour has been most at a disadvantage. The Old Left of the party is neutralist, the center exhibits varying degrees of scepticism towards NATO, and the leadership is determined to back the alliance—apart from such emendations of policy as its own back benches and public distrust of the U.S. (and of a still more beloved ally, the German Federal Republic) force upon it. Indeed, on many occasions it has seemed that the Tories were more independent of the U.S. than the opposition. At any rate, they could give that impression precisely when it was of domestic political benefit. Macmillan's visit to Moscow followed by no very great interval his stubborn support of the U.S. over Quemoy. Labour's recent proposal for a "non-nuclear club" to be headed by Britain was, and was seen to be, an unhappy and dishonest compromise forced by the pressure of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament upon a leadership convinced that Britain needed its own atomic and thermonuclear weapons. The Tories now appear to be moving away from reliance on the nuclear "deterrent." Gaitskell may find himself, before long, with a less flexible position on armaments than the government. But he has just expelled Richard Crossman from the Shadow Cabinet as spokesman on pensions, because he dared vote against the leadership on arms.

Labour's technique of accommodation to Conservative definitions of political reality was obvious during the election of 1959 itself. An opposition which had fought the government in Parliament only in fits and starts, it could not in the three weeks allotted to the campaign transform itself into a party uninhibitedly militant. Indeed, its punctilious acceptance of an exclusively parliamentary

setting for opposition—a punctiliousness not matched by equal delicacy on the part of the social groups supporting the government—diminished its effectiveness in a national contest. Three weeks is, after all, far too short a period for a major effort of political re-education.

Labour's campaign tactics expressed the ambiguities in its position. It began by attacking the "Windfall State," protested at the contrast between tax-free capital gains and derisory old-age pensions, and sought to bring the issues of equality and justice to an electorate not recently addressed in these terms. The Tories counterattacked by claiming that Labour's program would bankrupt the nation. Labour replied that it, too, could raise industrial production; it offered a vision of Britain's future not much different from that of the Tories—a nation of cozy families, their younger members seeking "opportunity" while everybody else acquired furniture and automobiles. Something happened to change all this, if only for ten days in the midst of the campaign. Perhaps it was the happy coincidence of a scandal in the City; perhaps it was pressure transmitted upwards from ordinary members in the Party. Labour's campaign, at the end of September, did move onto another plane—debate on the kind of society Britain was to be—and the public seemed to be listening. But this mood was allowed to ebb away. Gaitskell, without consulting the Party's election committee, pledged himself not to raise the income tax; the Party promised to abolish sales tax on household goods, and the atmosphere of an auction was restored. Labour did, of course, raise the colonial issue (on foreign policy, it had been reduced to protesting that it too wanted a summit conference, but not altogether emphatically). At some point during the last ten days of the election, the tide that had been flowing towards Labour was reversed and the nation settled into the electoral pattern that had been predicted before Parliament dissolved. Richard Crossman, who planned and directed Labour's efforts with considerable *bravura,* has since argued that the campaign was a success in that it converted a threatened Tory landslide into a severe Labour defeat.

Labour's failures were not tactical. They had less to do with the Party's public image than with what underlay that image, its political substance. One of the more intelligent Conservative M.P.'s said recently that Labour in opposition behaved hesitantly and un-

certainly; it lacked a single unifying theme to which it could relate its attacks on separate issues. The unsystematic, haphazard character of the Labour opposition, the curious way in which in the election it did raise the themes of social justice, and the reluctance—indeed the downright refusal—of most of its leaders to press for major planned changes in British society are best understood as responses to the Conservative success in directing the modernization of Great Britain.

II.

Since 1948 the major Western European countries within NATO (Beneleux, France, Great Britain, The German Federal Republic, and Italy) have become increasingly prosperous. The pattern of income distribution within their economies has altered, and relationships between the social classes, indeed the composition of the classes themselves, have changed. The new situation has imposed new values on the population—and democratic socialism has declined. This general process has taken a particular British form affected by three unique aspects of British society: its relative isolation from Europe, its dependence upon empire, and the character of its traditional ruling class. That class, in fact, has had to be modified in order that the modernization of Britain might begin. But as we shall see, the modernization of British society is more the work of the Conservatives than of socialism.

The welfare state established and consolidated by the Labour Governments of 1945 and 1950, we are usually told, has been so effective that it has removed the *raison d'etre* for British socialism. The welfare state, however, simply instituted welfare measures and a redistribution of income already found in other regimes. Its modification of the educational system was one proposed by the wartime coalition government of 1944. Its nationalization of a few industries was in most cases simply an operation of rescue and rationalization. Its genuinely epochal achievements, like the liberation of India, had no specifically socialist content: they were directly derived from the British liberal tradition. The Labour Government of 1945 did, however, retain and extend war-time economic controls. It could rely upon a profound popular desire for basic changes in British life. Why did it fail to press its initial advantage?

Many of its leaders, of course, did not wish to go beyond these measures of amelioration. Moreover, their margin of experimental freedom was small. The country had lost many of its overseas investments in the war and was economically dependent upon a United States barely tolerant of even Atlee's socialism. The decision to enter NATO required heavy expenditure on arms, still further limiting the room for domestic maneuver. Equally important; the Cold War produced an ideological climate which worked against all the forms of socialism. Perhaps more immediately effective as an inhibition on the Labour Government was the character of the Conservative opposition. A population tired by war and worn by the austerity of the post-war economy was told that its irritations were due to "socialism"; the Tories presented themselves as the defenders of an unspecified "freedom." Their sympathizers in the higher civil service gave Labour ministers that sort of advice which discouraged socialist innovation. The parliamentary opposition, the press, and the City drew the line at large-scale expropriation: their limited acquiescence in Labour rule was made conditional upon Labour restraint. Labour in its turn acquiesced, and the combined result of these internal and external constraints was to stop its advance. The Conservatives thereupon began their counterattack, the most important part of which was their refusal to dismantle the welfare state they inherited in 1951. Instead, they used it.

The Conservatives, of course, took some immediate action. They returned steel and part of road transport to private ownership. For the most part, they dismantled those controls which a future Labour government would have used to reassume command of the economy. And they concentrated on unloosing those forces which were to mould the country into the New Toryism: that most effective because most naked of material forces, the appeal to self-interest, and that most effective, because vulgar, of spiritual forces, snobbery.

Like the entire post-war movement in Western society, this one has rested on a considerable increase and rationalization of productive capacity. Economic development has been jagged and unplanned, of course, and those controlling the economy have often been at odds. Important sections of the City and the Treasury, for instance, insist on the stability of the pound (a euphemism for the good opinion of the speculators in Zurish). Other, industrial, ele-

ments are prepared to pay with inflation for continuous economic growth. Since 1951 spurts of growth, therefore, have alternated with bouts of stagnation. Some industries have been fitted to meet world market conditions, others have fallen behind. The government's reliance on fiscal controls renders it incapable of dealing systematically with fluctuations in the terms of trade, and it has opened the London Stock Exchange to foreign—especially American—penetration. The bill for these actions has yet to be presented in full. For the time being, the economic motors set in motion by the Tories seem to be working fairly well. This has made tolerable certain reactionary measures of redistribution—higher charges for the social services, drastic cuts to subsidized working-class housing and an end to many rent controls, and, above all, a system of taxation which imposes differential criteria on ordinary wage and salary earners as against those who can use expense accounts or claim tax-free capital gains. These are irritants, of course, but they have yet to produce sufficient revulsion to improve Labour's political chances.

If that revulsion is to be experienced at all, it must begin in the working class. But the working class is objectively divided. Between 1938 and 1956 real gross per capita income in Great Britain rose by about seventeen per cent, while net real working-class income rose by about twenty-five per cent. Redistribution which benefited the less prosperous half of the working class ended, however, in about 1950-51. Recent economic gains by the working class have been won mainly by the skilled working class. The welfare state has been utilized by many to improve the status of their children: it has been estimated that over the past twenty years the number of working-class children in middle-class occupations has at least doubled. But the fact of objective division between the sections of the working class is of primary political importance. Forty per cent of all heads of family belong to the skilled working class, the group which is experiencing "embourgeoisement" in its style of life—if not in its position in the process of production. Thirty per cent belong to the semi-skilled and unskilled occupational categories. It is this last group which has been most adversely affected by recent measures of Tory redistribution, and which has to struggle most hard for some share in the national product. The familiar trade union campaigns for (or against) wage differentials reflect this disparity of

position within the working class. But a skilled-working class concerned with refurnishing its homes and the social advancement of its children cannot develop political militancy. And the lower group lacks the cultural resources to reflect adequately on its situation. It gives its votes to Labour, of course, but to a party deeply influenced by the differential advantages enjoyed by the upper sections of the working class.

This point need not be taken too far. Television, of course, acts as a solvent of these differences—it teaches the entire working class how to consume. And there are important remnants of traditional British working class solidarity left. But the difference may widen in the next generation. Many offspring of the skilled workers stay on at school past fifteen, or take up apprenticeships. The children of the other workers go right onto the labor market. It is they who developed their own, teen-age, consumption market, and it is they who are at present almost totally depoliticised. The inarticulate working class solidarity of their fathers may, in their own generation, become a solidarity of the culturally underprivileged and, given appropriate circumstances, might even take ugly forms. Meanwhile, something else besides personal disposition may account for the move to the left of Frank Cousins, the secretary of the largest British union of the semi-skilled and unskilled (TGWU). But Labour's long-term prospects, on any reading of the situation of the working class, are not encouraging. As the upper section of this stratum becomes prosperous, it is likely to lose its instinctive Labour loyalties—indeed, the process already has begun, particularly among women. And the lower section of the working class is itself too small to give Labour a national majority and in the future may prove unresponsive to democratic socialist appeals.

The middle class, the remaining third of the nation, is itself internally differentiated to a high degree. There is an old middle class, which commences at its lower end with shopkeepers, clerks, and small businessmen and includes school teachers, and reaches at its upper end members of the professions and of the higher civil service. Most members of the middle class vote Tory, of course, but how and why they do so varies. That section of the old middle class which has not quite kept pace, either economically or ideologically, with recent changes in Britain, seems to think that a vote for the

Conservatives is a vote for the old decencies. Many in this category bitterly resent the prosperity of the working class, and they complain that the social services are "sapping the moral fibre of the nation" while they themselves use the services heavily. The clerical workers among them, of course, are as expropriated as the industrial workers and, especially where not organized into unions, somewhat more exploited. But much of the clerical labor force is female, either girls in temporary employment before marriage or working wives; the absence of persistent economic grievances and the presence of aspirations to status make these women peculiarly unresponsive to suggestions for organized action.

The old middle class tends to exaggerate the extent to which the working class has closed the pre-war gap between the social strata. The middle class no less than the workers has benefited from prosperity. Instead of publicized struggles for wage increases, they've often been given discreet raises in salary. The welfare state has helped them in many ways, especially with the education of their children—that is, with the perpetuation of their own advantages. The ideological complaints of the old middle class may, however, really reflect its disturbance at having been superseded by a new and monied middle class, different in composition and character. Not the least striking (and bewildering) aspect of the current social situation in Britain is that influential sections of the new middle class, indeed of the new élite, have been able to utilize the ideology of the old middle class ("service," "integrity," "character," "thrift," "hard work") to legitimate their own manipulation of a world in which old middle class ideals can evoke only sardonic laughter.

Like the old middle class, the new middle class includes a considerable spread of occupations and incomes. It is new in that it has grown over the past decades; the increasing importance of scientific and technical competence in industry, the economic role of the tertiary sector (administration, distribution), the rise of mass communications, and the professionalization of a number of jobs have contributed to its present expansion. Its members range from laboratory technicians to directors of research for giant firms, and it encompasses corporation executives and magazine editors alike. If we consider only its uppermost levels, these appear to outnumber the old professional sector of the middle class by about three to one. In

general, the new middle class is much better paid than the old one; it also includes many whose incomes are increased by expense account spending.

The old and new sections of the middle class, then, seem to be related differently to the production process. The class as a whole votes Tory at least to the extent of seventy-five per cent, and that figure increases further up the income scale. But, as we might expect, each section supports a different sort of Toryism. The old middle class manifests a *rentier* attitude; it is anxious about inflation, insistent on national pride, it is in the main chauvinistic and imperialistic. The new middle class is concerned with expanding consumption and production and is confident that an inflationary situation will not find it out of pocket. It has a more flexible attitude to the problem of adjusting British imperialism to the loss of empire and—most important to the Tory Party's domestic successes—it does not share the old middle class resentment of the workers.

This constellation, too, can offer few prospects for Labour. Ideologically imprisoned by its own past, the old middle class is in any case unlikely to vote for a working class party. (There are, of course, exceptions: some clerical occupations and a large number of school teachers are organized in unions, and the experience appears to have made them more sympathetic to Labour.) Theoretically, there might be some support for Labour among certain elements of the new middle class. Their technical training might predispose them to think critically about social institutions; their interest in production and innovation might turn them against a Tory Party large sections of which have been unable to enter the modern world. But the technical training has been put to limited, practical uses—the more so because Labour itself offers no new view of modern society. Labour, too, has never been entirely a party of production; at times it has recently exhibited a restrictionist economic psychology. Independent political thinking in the new middle class in the last election was Liberal, not Labour. Neither the old or the new Toryism are explicable, however, if we ignore the salient ideological fact about post-war Britain: the gradual extinction of the middle class conscience. It had a brief, incandescent, revival at the time of Suez—and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has mobilized most of its remnants. But, for the most part, it has fallen silent, a silence due

to the fact that the middle class is subservient to a new ruling class which has discarded conscience (but not, of course, talk of conscience) as an obstacle on its way to power.

The new ruling class is not entirely new: it is a fusion of business interests with the old financial-imperial political directorate. What is new is the decisive importance of businessmen in the present élite. The "landed aristocracy" which for so long—with its old middle class servitors in the civil service, the ancient universities, and the professions—ran the country was never primarily dependent upon rural revenues. It always managed to encapsulate and, after a decent interval, assimilate new wealth. But it placed politics before business, the more so since it had secure control of the financial nerve center of empire in the City. The empire, in fact, was the key to the permanence and adaptability of the old élite: it rendered it relatively independent of ordinary, domestic capital. The change of empire into commonwealth, and the increased importance of the domestic market, has called new interests and new techniques of rule into play. The post-war transformation of the Tory party was accomplished by a businessman, Lord Woolton, who made more room at its top for his fellows and who brought into the rest of the organization (each in his place) the members of the new middle class. This is not the first time that the Tory party has co-opted new élite elements; the speed and thoroughness of the transformation is remarkable.

The new techniques of rule are not entirely obscure. These include the command of the state (and the more or less enthusiastic co-operation of the higher civil service); the co-ordination of economic and political decision by the interpenetration of business, finance, and government; the strengthening of cabinet rule at the expense of the authority and integrity of Parliament; the manipulation of public opinion through control of the mass media of communications, and—not least—the provision of adequate access to the élite or its well-rewarded ancillary services for talent from below. The entire process has been enormously facilitated by concomitant changes in British culture.

No Western country has had, in modern times, so divided a culture. A rigid class system produced rigid distinctions of experience, character, value, and taste between the social classes. Two new

solvents, money and the impact of the mass media of communication, appear to be breaking down old barriers. British élite culture was previously polarized between a sybaritic aristocracy and a quasi-puritanical middle class. All is now in the melting pot, and enjoyments as non-British as good food, decorative clothing, and sexuality are being pursued by wider sectors of the population. (Before long, the country may even shift to central heating.) Continental and American influences compete and fuse among the taste-makers, and the new culture is moving northwards out of the metropolis, through the London suburbs, carried by its vanguard, the new middle class. The emergence of a specialized teen-age culture is part of this larger process: the teen-age culture looks like a parody of the adult one from which many working class teen-agers are still likely to be permanently barred.

It is not alone preoccupation with new patterns of consumption, however, that induces more than half the populace to approve of the new élite. The problem of legitimation and consent is a classical one in liberal political theory; the current British evidence suggests that the theorists will have to think again. A good many millions are unaware that anything has changed and are ignorant in general of the distribution of power in modern societies. Still more, with a vague appreciation of the facts, simply accept them as inevitable—neither good nor bad. Those to whom the society has granted possibilities of self-advancement, real or imaginary, naturally approve of the new élite: the Young Conservative Association is large and formidable. The present ruling class does, however, exude the pungent smell of success. Some election interviews suggested that many workers gave the Tories what Ralph Samuel has called "the deference vote." These voters were perfectly aware of the distinction between themselves and their governors, but they accepted their governors' competence. Ruling classes which appear successful are, in fact, seldom overthrown.

Judged by standards other than its own, of course, the ruling class is not all that successful. The priorities in British society in 1959 are dubious; current definitions of the good life include the enrichment of everything but the human personality. The acquisition of commodities and the attainment of status are, perhaps, understandable goals in a society that has known impoverishment and

social restriction. But atomized social effort of this kind is not likely to produce a worthy community. Unplanned urban development has made of much of Britain a tasteless architectural blur, and the achievements of high culture are here generally less well integrated with daily life than in the United States.

More important, perhaps, is that—despite redistribution and prosperity—this is by no means a just society. Apart from those who suffer savage privation because the government is not beholden to them, millions have to accept an inferior status, fewer cultural opportunities, and shoddy treatment in general. For every working class boy or girl who moves beyond his original environment, several remain behind—and it is not clear that entry into the subordinate sections of the middle class is worth the effort it costs the others. All these aspects of British society combine to produce tensions and conflicts of a profound kind, of which the race riots and the pathological chauvinism evident at the time of Suez were but two manifestations. Violence seems to be increasing: the police, once the cynosure of Europe, have been guilty of brutality so often that the Home Secretary has had to order an enquiry. Perhaps it is significant that many younger policemen served in Cyprus.

The ruling élite prides itself on this—that it is modernizing Britain. It is, however, doubtful that on a larger view it can succeed. Modernization is extremely patchy; some sectors of the economy and some aspects of social life have been subject to innovation, many left untouched. Innovation, further, has been strictly limited and attempted only where it promised a cash return. Whole sectors of the society have been abandoned to a technical sclerosis; those who inhabit these sectors exhibit all the disagreeable characteristics of the natives of a backward country. The Advertising Council has its own cure for this malaise: it has plastered the country with posters announcing, "Britain leads the world." In fact, Britain is hard put to match the rest of Western Europe. Worse yet for the future, its relations to the underdeveloped countries are shot through with contradictions. The new élite can be relatively enlightened about the West Indies, West Africa, or India, where investments must be protected and economic ties retained. It cannot escape the implications of its alliances with the exploiting classes in Central, East, and South Africa. Meanwhile, the psychological heritage of empire

weighs heavily on millions of ordinary citizens who did their military service in a colonial situation. These resistances to innovation, internal and external, cannot be overcome by an élite which identifies the national interest with its own immediate or sectional gain. But the resistances which seem to demand a socialist attack make exceedingly difficult the task of socialist education.

Labour's difficulty, then, is almost insuperable: the case for socialism, in a society in which most forces of material interest and psychological suasion work against it, must fall upon ears either hostile or deaf. Labour's muted electoral campaign against colonialism reflected its anxiety lest it be thought unpatriotic. Its leaders' refusal to campaign against nuclear armament reflected their fear of being thought irresponsibly unrealistic. Their present willingness to abandon nationalization is a desperate effort to adapt the party to a society opposed to experiment. But their capitulation to the present in fact precludes their dealing effectively with the future. An ex-imperialist country which does not radically revise its relationships to its African territories has some hard knocks coming in a world which will soon be dominated by men of color. The American alliance has put Britain's death warrant into foreign hands—and the British Government's declared policy that in the event of war it will defend, not the population, but the air and rocket bases, is a curious reflection on the sense of reality of those who refuse to abandon the arms race. Finally, Gaitskell proposes to abandon nationalization just when the Communist economies are beginning to register successes whose future political consequences are incalculable.

Labour's years of travail are obviously a consequence of the development of British society. Their implications, however, are far broader. An effective socialist appeal for prosperous societies remains to be developed; a socialist program for the era of bureaucracy and mass culture needs to be devised: a democratic socialist response to the Communist alternative waits on these. It is the year zero of British socialism.

The Predicament of French Socialism

By ROY C. MACRIDIS

■ The predicament of the French Socialist Party reflects the structural and social modifications that the pace of industrialization has brought about in the French society since the Liberation. Socialism failed to define a program that was consistent with the demands of the emerging new social groups and forces and at the same time failed to maintain its hold among many of the workers who, dissatisfied with its lack of militancy, turned to the Communists. It inherited the support of the more marginal and threatened groups for which economic insecurity and decrease in status found expression in the defense of the status quo and in the resurgence of French nationalism.

Industrial expansion accounts for the emergence of new social groups with a new outlook: the managers and the large bureaucracy of the industrial corporations and the managers and employees of the nationalized industries. They constitute today in France what may be called a new middle class, the *cadres,* that is replacing the old. They are concerned with production and efficiency. They are, when it comes to politics, pragmatically rather than ideologically oriented and favor the liquidation of the many "debts" and divisions accumulated in the past—the clerical issue, the colonial problem, lack of comprehensive social legislation, low wages and low pro-

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ductivity, and the Byzantinism of party ideologies and slogans. Some of the workers also are beginning to be increasingly sensitive to practical steps and policies that can ameliorate their standard of living or, whenever it is the case, maintain their improved living conditions. Syndicalism is beginning to shed it ideological and militant outlook to become a *syndicalisme gestionnaire* like that of the Scandinavian countries and the United States. Workers are having, for the first time, an opportunity to become "integrated" in a system from which they had been alienated for so long.[1]

But the very process of rapid industrialization has provoked a sharp reaction on the part of the old middle classes— the merchants, the professional groups like the notary publics, the lawyers, or the doctors of the small towns, and the average farmer—while the relatively low income among many of the workers has kept alive a strong ideological and revolutionary posture exploited by the Communist Party. Furthermore, ideologies do not die easily in France. Communism, socialism, and anti-clericalism are still potent forces espoused by the left-wing parties, while the strong wave of nationalism against the Fourth Republic has provided a meeting ground of the right-wing groups and produced the semblance of national unity around General de Gaulle.

The predicament of the French Socialist Party (SFIO), especially since the end of World War II, lay in its inability either to adopt a pragmatic approach to problems or to adhere to a coherent ideology in the name of socialism. In form it remained a "class party"—a section of the Second International dedicated, according to its charter, to "the conquest of the means of production and exchange," in order to "transform the capitalist society into a collectivist or communist one." Its saints remained Marx and Engels and some of the canonized martyrs of French Socialism—Jaurès, Guesde, and Blum. Its ritual went back to the militant years of European socialism—everybody is still a "comrade" and at the conclusion of all Party meetings the singing of the "Internationale" and the clenched fist are in order. But the substance has been at great variance with the form. The Socialist Party became a parliamentary bloc of political

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[1]For a detailed account of these developments, see Roger Priouret: *La Republique des Deputès* (1959) and Andrè Philip: *Le Socialisme Trahi* (1957).

leaders and notables, playing the game of the *ministrables* with consummate skill and infinite patience, involved in everlasting compromises and "deals," catering to all groups and forces in its efforts to win votes. The results were devastating. The Party lost progressively those for whom socialism remained an all-encompassing ideology; it failed to attract the new groups for which the utilization of the machinery of the state for the solution of concrete problems was more pressing than ideology.

The difficulties of the SFIO were made worse by a number of other factors specifically germane to the French political situation. The Party was challenged both from the left and the right. The Communists to the left adopted everything the Second International had stood for and more—they led the forces of anti-clericalism and republicanism, became champions of reform, and drew mightily from their resistance record. The progressive Catholic movement, spearheaded by the Popular Republicans (MRP), to the right provided, at least immediately after the Liberation, a judicious balance between social and economic reform and Catholicism while actively working for "limited internationalism"—the establishment of a European co-operation if not integration. Caught between the two, the SFIO was forced to become eclectic, perhaps opportunistic. Moreover, parliamentary considerations made Socialist participation in the governments of the Fourth Republic imperative. The Party became the bastion of the Third Force and, after a "cure of opposition" between 1951 to 1954, the pivot of the cabinets that led the Fourth Republic to its demise. Confronted with the uprising of May 13, the Socialist leadership chose the only possible alternative—the return of General de Gaulle and support of the rising wave of nationalism, hoping to capitalize on it. They were proven wrong and in the last year had to pay a heavy price for their equivocations and lack of firmness. For the first time since the Congress of Tours (1919), the Party was confronted in 1958 with a new serious split.

The history of French socialism since the Liberation underlines its predicament. Despite a mediocre resistance record, the Socialist Party emerged from the Liberation as one of the stronger ideological families of the Fourth Republic. It received 4,560,000 votes in the election of October 21, 1945; 4,190,000 in June, 1946. From then on,

its strength declined sharply. In the elections of November 10, 1946, 3,430,000; on June 17, 1951, 2,660,000. In 1956, thanks to its alliance with the Mendès-France Radicals, it received 3,140,000 votes and in the elections of November 23, 1958, 3,180,000. Out of one hundred Socialist voters, only fifty-five to sixty continued to vote Socialist. Its voting strength appeared to have stabilized before 1958 to about fourteen per cent of the voters, while the Communist strength remained until 1958 twenty-five per cent. Collaboration with the center and often right-wing groups in the name of the Third Force or the Republican Front, and the hierarchical organization of the Party, which made promotion to positions of responsibility difficult, discouraged young people from joining. From about 350,000 members in 1945, the Party membership had fallen by 1958 to below 100,000. Its present membership is less than 75,000. What is more, the drop in membership has been absolute. The Party attracted no new members while losing the old. In 1950 there were no more than a thousand *new* members, and after 1951 the Party prudently decided not to publish new membership figures.

The SFIO has thus become increasingly sclerotic, with older men occupying the key organizational and leadership positions. They are the men who often trace their past to the Third Republic and who, in the process of long political careers, have become expert compromisers, with local and provincial roots and close association with lobbies, preoccupied primarily with gaining access to the centers of political power and influence. The electoral map of the Party also changed gradually. Its strength decreased in the urban and industrial areas and among the workers (except for the coal mining areas in the North). It gained among lower-middle-class intellectuals—the high school teachers, for instance and some white collar workers—among the aged and retired and the recipients of pensions, and among certain professional groups, particularly the civil servants. It became relatively stronger in the South and in the smaller towns with populations of five to ten thousand. It represented the "static" more than the "dynamic" France, and while preaching "socialism" in formal terms, it was rapidly becoming a government party like the Radical Socialists. Its only unwavering ideological commitment was the same old battle cry of "anti-clericalism" and *laicitè*. Its program became limited to moderate social and economic reforms in

favor of the wage earners, salaried groups, rentiers, and school teachers.

What is more significant, after the Liberation the SFIO lost the direction of the General Confederation of Labor. Though syndicalism in France precludes, at least in theory, a direct organizational affiliation between party and trade unions, the Socialist influence over the General Confederation of Labor was in the interwar years a source of political strength. After the Liberation, the Communists took over control of the CGT and it was not until 1947-48 that the Socialist leadership attempted to salvage whatever influence it had left by creating the *Force Ouvrière* (FO). It included, however, only a fraction of the members of the CGT, which remained securely under Communist direction, while the Christian Trade Unions (CFTC) grew progressively stronger. Today the FO represents only a small percentage of the unionized French workers—not more than fifteen per cent. The SFIO continues to exert some influence over the Federation of National Education and particularly over its affiliate, the *Syndicat des Instituteurs* (SNI), composed of high school teachers, with some 200,000 members.

Anti-clericalism prevented the Party from co-operating with the MRP. Anti-Communism made any broad left-wing alliance, even on specific issues, impossible. As Maurice Duverger pointed out, the specter of the "big bad wolf" to the left haunted the Party ever since the years of the Popular Front, through the resistance and after the Liberation. Fear that any form of co-operation would result in the absorption of the Socialist militants indicated the tenuous hold the Party had over its own members. The "Committee of Agreement" set up timidly in the year immediately following the Liberation to negotiate co-operation with the Communist Party was quickly put to rest by Blum, Mayer, and Mollet. As a result, at the parliamentary level the Party sought alliances with the center and even the right.

Ever since the Liberation, the lack of doctrine paralyzed the Party. On the question of the European Defense Community the SFIO split right in the middle; on the question of the continuation of the Indo-Chinese War the soul-searchings and divisions were many; the SFIO advocated a policy of colonial disengagement, but in Algeria its leadership gave in to the nationalist wave and became increasingly attached to the theory of "pacification." Guy Mollett

reached a height of popularity in Parliament by mounting the attack against Egypt in close and secret co-operation with his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Christian Pineau.

The more flexible the attitude of the Party, the more the leadership has been tempted to silence the many protests and disagreements from the rank and file, parliamentarians, and former leaders. To do so, it encouraged the development of political bossism in which Socialist committeemen controlled the five large federations—Seine, Nord, Pas-du-Calais, Bouches-du-Rhône and Haute-Vienne—that have a majority of votes in the Party Congress. Guy Mollet, a former high school teacher, tightened his control over these federations and imposed his rule over the Party. Dissent and criticism were answered with expulsions that led to the thinning of the Socialist ranks and the alienation of many of its militants and intellectuals.

May 13 found the Party totally dispirited. It had been unable to take a stand on the Algerian issue; it equivocated on the question of constitutional reform; it had failed to come to grips with the existence of a praetorian army and of the right-wing activists that had flaunted the authority of their leader when he visited Algeria as Prime Minister. Indeed, it was under Guy Mollet that special powers to deal with the Algerian uprising led to the growing delegation of virtually all powers in Algeria to the army. The Party couldn't take a firm stand on the question of the tortures and the abusive practices of the army in Algeria; it participated in the same government in which avowed Gaullists holding key posts (like Chaban-Delmas as Minister of National Defense in the last cabinet of the Fourth Republic) worked for the General's return. It continued to preach a strong anti-Communism and to exploit to its advantage the revulsion that followed the Soviet repressive tactics in Budapest, but remained insensitive to the dangers from the right-wing groups and the military. Guy Mollet admitted in 1959 that he had "underestimated" the strength of the right-wing groups. But a number of shrewd observers pointed out that he was deeply impressed with the victory of the Poujadists in the election of 1956 and with the growing nationalism that the Independents exploited in every by-election since then to their advantage, and that he was inclined to align the Party to the nationalistic sentiment of public opinion, hoping to gain at the expense of the Communists.

The crisis deepened in the weeks of May and came to a head with the investiture of de Gaulle's government in June and the referendum of September, 1958. Immediately after the uprising of May 13, the Socialist parliamentary group (deputies and senators) voted almost unanimously against the return of de Gaulle and appealed to the republican "reflexes" (but without allowing for co-operation with the Communists) in the form of a mass demonstration and a strike. Both failed. Guy Mollet entered Pflimlin's cabinet, and Jules Moch, as Minister of the Interior, was expected to use the same strong hand he had shown against both Communists and Gaullists in 1947-49. But again the actual steps taken by the leaders of the SFIO were at sharp variance with the ritualistic and formal gestures. While openly defending the Republic and its government, Guy Mollet wrote secretly to de Gaulle urging him to take power *by legal means*. Another Socialist, the former President of the Republic, Vincent Auriol, also exchanged letters with de Gaulle, whose return to power he had helped prevent a decade earlier, and concluded that de Gaulle's aversion to illegality and to the right-wing forces was as pronounced as that of the Socialists. The SFIO parliamentary group wavered. Seventy-seven expressed themselves in favor and seventy-four against de Gaulle's investiture. In the National Assembly, when the formal vote took place, forty-two Socialists voted for and forty-nine against. Guy Mollet's effort brought quick rewards. De Gaulle's government included three Socialists, with Guy Mollet as Minister of State.

The division, however, became deeper in the months that followed. In the Party Congress held early in September of 1958, Guy Mollet asked for a "yes" vote on the referendum. In a carefully worded letter to the Party members, he defended his attitude in helping de Gaulle's return to power. He indicated that between fascism and the bolshevik dictatorship there was only one alternative —de Gaulle. To vote "no," he argued, would be to align the masses with Communist leadership and to allow a situation to develop in which all the "yes" (and Mollet argued rightly that the support for de Gaulle's constitution in the referendum would be massive) would be claimed by the right. It was imperative to isolate the Communists and use the referendum vote to defeat them. So Mollet was appealing to the traditional anti-Communism of many of the Socialists and was trying to exploit the wave of nationalism and Gaullism. To

many, this position was incompatible with Socialist ideology; to others, it was sheer opportunism and not a political decision based upon concrete realities, since Gaullism and its underlying nationalism was in itself, they argued, an intensely ideological and anachronistic phenomenon. As for the constitution of the Fifth Republic, it consecrated a personal government rather than a genuine republican system.

A split was inevitable. It was made official with the formation of the PSA (*Parti Socialist Autonome*) two weeks before the referendum of September 28. The new Party co-operated with a number of non-Communist splinter groups opposed to General de Gaulle in the *Union des Forces Democratiques,* under the over-all moral leadership of Pierre Mendès-France. It was composed of some of Guy Mollet's more determined opponents; a number of Socialists for whom the ideology of the Party had been debased, compromised, and twisted by the attitude of its secretary; but also of a number of members, tired of ideological quarrels, who wished to see the establishment of an "open" Socialist Party in which the new social groups that had been looking for a more realistic approach to the political and social problems confronting the society would find a place. The split, in other words, was not between "ideologues" and "pragmatists"; it was not led by those who favored internal democracy against Guy Mollet's bossism; it was not between the advocates of a new socialist doctrine and those who remained faithful to the past. The new Socialist Party included elements from all sides: a "realist" like Andrè Philip and an "ideologue" like Rosenfeld; a former secretary of the Socialist Party, Daniel Mayer, and some twenty parliamentarians; some of the young and many of the old departmental and section committeemen. What united them was hostility to de Gaulle and Guy Mollet and to the new institutions of the Fifth Republic.

The SFIO was further weakened by its defeat in the elections of November, 1958 (it received about fifteen per cent of the vote in the first ballot but found its representation in the Assembly more than halved because of the convergence of the conservative parties against it in the second ballot); by Guy Mollet's equivocation on the attitude of the Party *vis-à-vis* the new government (first he announced a "constructive opposition" without ruling out the possibility of participation, and later an opposition to the cabinet of Michel Debré

but support of the "action" of General de Gaulle); and by its failure to take a strong stand against the continuation of the policy of "pacification" in Algeria. These developments strengthened the autonomous Socialists. Their membership rose to about 20,000 by the end of 1959, and more of the SFIO parliamentarians joined the ranks of the dissidents.

In the meantime, the leadership of the PSA, almost exclusively at first in the hands of the leaders of the Seine (Paris) Federation, notably Edouard Depreux and Robert Verdier, revived the dream that has nourished the French non-Communist left since the Liberation: the creation of a party uniting all the left-wing splinter formations, capable of recapturing and reconstructing the SFIO, and able to attract the many disaffected Communist voters and members. To the right, Mendès-France represented a neo-radicalism that had shown its appeal among the young and the new social groups in the elections of 1956. He was now without a party but was still surrounded by a band of dynamic young followers. To the left, the UGS (the Union of Socialist Left) represented an unstable association of left-wing socialist groups ranging from syndicalists to disgruntled Marxists. Long negotiations were undertaken first with Mendès-France, and a year after its formation the Autonomous Socialist Party welcomed him and his followers to its ranks. Mendès-France spoke of an "open" socialism, hinted that the Bastille of the propertied classes and the moneyed powers was still to be "taken," and mentioned the need of state control of the "commanding heights" of the economy. Six months later, in April, 1960, the PSA and the UGS realized their "fusion," formed a joint central committee, and elected a secretary general (Depreux). Noticeable by his absence, however, both at the meetings and in the membership of the directing committee of the new party, was Mendès-France.

The program of the new Unified Socialist Party (PSU) is similar to that of the SFIO. It believes in socialism and the collectivization of the means of production and accepts the class struggle. It favors a new republican constitution and has already announced the inevitable coming of a "Sixth Socialist Republic." It is, however, an "open" party, respecting various tendencies for all those who believe in socialism. Andrè Philip's demand for concrete action to solve concrete problems finds a place side by side with Rosenfeld's demand

for the maintenance of ideological purity and with Giles Martinet's (the leader of the UGS) more hardened Marxist approach. Ideologues, parliamentarians, anti-Molletists who dream of recapturing the organization of the SFIO, leaders like Andrè Philip who continue to admire the "concrete" and "pragmatic" approach of the British Labor Party and dream of establishing an open *parti travailliste*, and finally the new "convert," Mendès-France, whose conception of socialism is a mixture of Jaurès's humanism, Keynes's "General Theory," and Alain's individualism, are now side by side in this new Unified Socialist Party. It is doubtful that a unity based on so many different views can last long. Mendès-France's absence from the April Congress may be a sign that major divisions cropped up at the very moment when unity was celebrated.

Thus French socialism has been unable to come to terms either with its doctrine or with the realities of the post-war industrial developments. The first continues to haunt it while the second is in the nature of a constant temptation and challenge. Caught between the two, it has been unable to move in one direction or another. Its equivocation and immobility reflect the equivocation and the immobility of a political system in which the political parties continue to view new problems with old ideological lenses. The SFIO followed the easy road that the majority of the French society followed: delegation of all power to solve all problems to one man. The PSU is a synthesis, or rather, if one recalls the Aristotelian distinction, a mixture, of heterogeneous elements which can not generate common actions.

When de Gaulle's popularity wanes or when, like Joan of Arc, he becomes immortal, the problem of leadership and responsibility and, what is even more important, the need of establishing a broad party associated with the working class on a specific program will be raised anew. Can socialism meet this challenge? It is doubtful. Perhaps the fate of French socialism will be that of the Radical Socialists—fragmentation into many quarreling families. For in the whole of France we are witnessing the splintering of ideologies under the impact of industrialization or, perhaps, their temporary submergence under two potent, even if traditional, forces—Bonapartism and nationalism. It will be some time before new trends from the left or the right can be clearly discerned.

Overture or Swan Song: German Social Democracy Prepares for a New Decade

By LEWIS J. EDINGER *and*
DOUGLAS A. CHALMERS

■ The modern Civic Auditorium at Bad Godesberg seemed a fitting setting for the recent Extraordinary Congress of the German Social Democrats. Modern design was the theme of the new "Fundamental Program" adopted by the delegates representing 630,000 party members. A gigantic sign, proclaiming *"Geh mit der Zeit!"* ("Be up-to-date") dwarfed the sole red flag, the symbol of tradition, which had stood on the rostrum of every Party convention since the founding of the SPD. Over feeble opposition, one after another time-honored principle of German socialism was jettisoned. Anti-militarism? The new program pledges to support the military establishment. Anti-clericalism? An attempt to retain the traditional demand for separation of church and state was overwhelmingly defeated; instead the program calls for a "partnership" between the churches and the SPD. Anti-capitalism? The SPD endorses "free competition and free entrepreneurial initiative" as "important elements of Social Democratic economic policy."

As they dispersed wearily at the end of the three-day meeting, some of the delegates glumly contemplated the problem of explain-

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ing and justifying Social Democracy's New Look to the members back home, many of whom had been sustained through the dark years of Nazi suppression by the eschatological slogans just abandoned. Others, again, no doubt thought of the Palais Schaumburg, the Federal Chancellery, no more than a few kilometers from the auditorium and the target of their aspirations.

Neither the name of Marx nor the demand for socialization appear in the new program. Such terms as the class struggle, the revolution of the proletariat, and the socialist society were discarded as old-fashioned. Even the critics of the new program at Bad Godesberg joined the chorus demanding that the Party become *salonfähig*, respectable and acceptable for a majority of voters. The problem of winning this majority has become more urgent than ever before.

For some years now, the German Federal Republic has been moving towards a two-party system. Together, the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats won eighty-two per cent of the votes and eighty-eight per cent of the seats in the last *Bundestag* election. But it takes more than two parties to create a democratic two-party system. For that it is necessary that the two parties are sufficiently matched in strength to permit their alternation in power.

In state and local governments, the SPD has held power, but usually in coalitions, because of the multi-party system which prevails in these political arenas. On the federal level, however, the Party has played the limited role of critic of the government. It has been unable to win enough votes to play the other role so essential to a democratic two-party system, that of representing to a small group of shifting voters a possible alternative government, for the Social Democrats have not shared in the electoral profits reaped with the gradual disappearance of the small parties. Since the founding of the Federal Republic in 1949, the SPD's vote has remained constant at around thirty per cent. The vote of the CDU, on the other hand, has climbed to an absolute majority in the election of 1957. A twenty per cent discrepancy between parties is almost unheard of in a working two-party system.

Former Social Democratic programs were tailored to the political arena of a multi-party system, in which each party claimed for

itself a *Weltanschauung* or a special interest which set it apart from its rivals. Since its founding in 1875 and the famous Gotha Program, the SPD has proudly proclaimed itself a left-wing party of the working class. And this it has remained to most West German voters. This identification has put the present-day Party in a difficult position. In July 1956, only thirty-six per cent of the respondents in a public opinion poll thought the SPD a middle-class party, while thirty-five per cent specifically said that it was not. Two-thirds of those expressing a preference for the SPD said they did so because it represented "the interests of the workers."

Most West Germans today, however, think of themselves as politically "right" rather than "left," as middle class rather than working class. Fifty-eight per cent of the respondents in the above poll considered the CDU a middle-class party and only sixteen per cent did not. A year later, the CDU received fifty per cent, the SPD less than thirty-two per cent of the popular vote for the new *Bundestag*.

The Christian Democrats do not worry themselves about a "Fundamental Program." And well they might not. They have succeeded in gaining the support of a broad cross-section of the German voters, not alone as Adenauer's party, but as an interconfessional "Christian Democratic Union" identified with no single class, social stratum, or interest group. The CDU has set the pattern for something new in German politics but familiar enough in the United States: a party that represents no single ideology or interest group, but a coalition of diverse groups united for the advancement of interests and goals which each alone would be too weak to achieve. A "Fundamental Program" in the traditional German sense of the word cannot be reconciled with such a political organism and would either be meaningless or shatter the coalition.

There are many signs that the CDU has matured sufficiently as a multi-interest party to survive its present leader, Chancellor Adenauer. How, then, can the Social Democrats displace it? How can they escape the frustrating role of playing the permanent, powerless opposition? One way would be to duplicate the feat of the CDU and capture a majority of the votes—as they have done in Berlin and, more recently, in Bremen. Failing that, they might try to reverse the trend and tip the electoral balance by forming a coali-

tion with one or more minor parties, as they have done in a number of state governments.

There also exists a third possibility, that of joining, rather than displacing, the CDU in the federal government. This has been the pattern in Austria, as well as in a surprising number of German state governments in recent years. The late Kurt Schumacher, the monocratic post-war SPD leader, categorically rejected the possibility of a coalition federal government in 1949, but even then some of his colleagues disagreed with him. Ten years in opposition have modified the views of many a Social Democratic leader toward such a proposal. While it is not likely as long as Adenauer remains chancellor, such a coalition might become a possibility under another CDU leader. In any case, all three possibilities require that the Social Democrats succeed in changing the negative image which a majority of West Germans have of their party.

The theme of "making the party acceptable" to a far broader stratum, and to possible coalition partners, has become increasingly insistent in SPD discussions and writing since Schumacher's death in 1952. The defeats of 1953 and 1957 drove home the bitter truth that the SPD was unable to attract the support of farmers, professional men, civil servants, white collar workers, small businessmen, and women in significant numbers. Even many industrial workers, particularly if unorganized and Catholic, preferred to vote CDU. Thus, even as a "workers' party," the SPD has to change the prevailing image to gain greater support.

The West German worker of today is not the class conscious working man who supported the left-wing parties before Hitler. He was the product of social and economic conditions which no longer exist. Class lines and distinctions have become far less rigid. It is far easier for a worker's son to enter a middle-class occupation than it was for his father. Manual labor has become respectable—and well paid. The German worker is doing well in an era of full employment, better than ever before in his life. He and his family have "bourgeois" tastes and aspirations. They lack the militant class consciousness which the children of German working-class parents absorbed with their mother's milk around the turn of the century.

The Party leaders have chosen the well-publicized adoption of a new fundamental program to put across their new image. The theme

of the last "Fundamental Program" of the SPD, the Heidelberg Program of 1925, was that the task of the Party was to lead the working class toward its inevitable victory. Even then, this theme had little significance in everyday politics. But it served as ideological cement for some one million Party members who looked upon the SPD as *their* party and upon its objectives as the objectives of the entire working class in its battle against the capitalists. However, in 1959 this theme had lost all meaning. To identify the SPD with one interest group, with one class, with one doctrine, was to condemn it to the status of a sect instead of a mass party, as Erich Ollenhauer, the Party Chairman, told the delegates at Bad Godesberg.

The Bad Godesberg Program proclaims that the SPD has been transformed from a "working class party" into a democratic, anti-Communist "people's party." It disclaims dogmatic certainty and defines Social Democracy as a community of individuals of various intellectual and religious convictions who have joined together to fight not for the interests of one class, but for liberty and justice for all. The Party wants it known that it is a "special purpose," not a special interest, group. There is no reason, it is argued, why membership in other "special purpose" groups—such as religious and economic communities—should not be compatible with support of the SPD.

Probably the most dramatic demonstration of Social Democratic efforts to become acceptable to new voters and new allies was the sanctification of private property in the new program. The Heidelberg Program had declared: "The goals of the working class can only be reached through the transfer of the means of production from capitalist to communal ownership." The new statement, that "private ownership of the means of production has a claim to protection and support in so far as it does not hinder the building of a just social order" sounds almost like the "just compensation" clause of the Sixth Amendment in the U.S. Constitution. The dominant SPD leadership was determined to shatter the image of the SPD as the enemy of the small businessman and property owner, as a crypto-Communist party determined to abolish private property at all cost.

In effect, the program endorses Ludwig Erhard's "free market economy," as the Economic Minister was quick to point out to those who might have missed the point. The SPD shares Erhard's opposi-

tion to combinations in restraint of trade, and its new program seeks to straddle the fence between "laisser-faire" and planning with the ambivalent statement, "Competition as far as possible—planning as far as necessary." Fetching, if meaningless, the statement can be recommended to the platform committees of both American National Conventions this year. Indeed, national planning has become so legitimate, even among the most conservative parties, that the Social Democrats seem almost excessive in their zeal to endorse the economic liberalism. Such has been the impact of the German "economic miracle" upon a party whose leaders used to predict the collapse of the capitalist system.

The debate over the economic sections of the program illustrates how far the German party system has moved in the direction of our own. Here, as in the Republican Party, were the traditionalists complaining of a policy of "me tooism." To their query, just what distinguished the SPD from other parties, Erich Ollenhauer replied, "sharper criticism of the contemporary economic situation," meaning the concentration of economic power. In other words, the familiar claim of the American opposition party: I can do everything you can do—better! Efforts of the traditionalists to bring socialization back into the program by the back door came to nought. An amendment that declared socialization necessary "for the protection of freedom against the great power of large economic concentrations" was supported by ninety-nine delegates—the largest vote against the official draft of the Congress—but this was less than a third.

To the visitor from the United States aware of the SPD's electoral problems and perhaps too quick to apply American standards, the three-day proceedings at Bad Godesberg seemed rather unnecessary. Why, he asked numerous delegates, does your party need more than an electoral *Aktionsprogramm*, such as it gave itself in 1952? Why the attempt to define "fundamental goals" at all at a time when Social Democracy appears to shun becoming identified with specific principles? The *Neue Zuricher Zeitung* explained that "in a theoretically and intellectually oriented party, such as the SPD has always been to a far greater extent than other parties, one is inclined to overestimate the political strength of written formulations." Perhaps so, but there was more to it.

The Bad Godesberg "Extraordinary Party Congress" was a necessary transition stage in the attempt to transform the SPD from a *Weltanschauungspartei* into a multi-interest party. The past could not simply be forgotten, it had to be formally disposed of—for the benefit of the Party members as well as the voters. Unlike American parties and unlike its great rival, the CDU, the SPD draws much of its voting and financial strength from its membership. Many of the men and women who faithfully pay their dues to the Party and contribute their labor at election time are either themselves "old-timers" or the children of old Party members. Like the vast majority of the nine and a half million who voted SPD in the last federal election, they support it for precisely the reason the others have rejected it—because they see it as *the* workers' party. The great problem of the Party leadership is to broaden the Party's appeal without losing the vital support of the membership. Nor do they want to sacrifice the important financial contributions from the trade unions in their endeavor to become a multi-interest party. The new program and the discussions revolving around it have two functions, one directed outward, the other inward. It is to serve as a basis, not only for attracting new supporters and allies, but for converting the old ones to new principles of Social Democracy.

It was for the latter reason, rather than the former, that the Party had to spend five years to draft, discuss, redraft, and discuss again this new "Fundamental Program." The Party leaders probably did not "over-estimate the political strength of written formulations" with regard to the propaganda effect of the program on outsiders. They no doubt anticipated much of the cool reception it received. But they seemed to believe that not solely the program text but also the discussion it provoked would serve to establish a firm foundation within the Party under its new strategy. The test of the new program will thus be two-fold: will it make the SPD acceptable to new voters and allies, and will it gain whole-hearted acceptance among its present supporters?

The delegate from Göttingen who, toward the end of the three-day meeting, declared that it would prove difficult for many of the delegates and comrades in the Party to defend the new program "with their whole heart and fullest conviction" probably expressed the feeling of many who remained silent. The visitor who discussed

the program with delegates to the congress and with Party functionaries and members throughout the country sensed a great deal of uneasiness, even dissatisfaction. Old-timers complained that tradition had been thrown overboard, that this was no longer the party they had supported a lifetime; academicians called the program an ungrammatical, meaningless hodgepodge of electioneering slogans; deputies bewailed formulations which, they believed, would come to haunt them in the next campaign.

However, there is a world of difference between dissatisfaction and serious opposition. The sentiment against the program is amorphous and there does not appear to be any serious, organized opposition within the Party at this time such as the so-called "left" in pre-Hitler days. In so far as it was vocal, opposition to the program before and during the convention appeared to be based less on ideological grounds than on personal grounds. Two groups used the program debates to challenge the dominant leadership. One consisted primarily of young intellectuals who appeared dissatisfied with the lack of militancy of the older leaders. The other consisted of party functionaries who had been diplaced from more prominent positions by the leaders now dominant. Geographically, the opposition drew most of its strength from areas presently ruled by Social Democrats: Berlin, Hamburg, and Hesse. In each case, the opposition represented local minority groups in opposition to the leadership of members of the Party executive committee in their particular areas: Brandt, Brauer, and Zinn.

Organized opposition appears to be no problem for the Party leaders. Apathy, however, is a more serious question. Loyalty and discipline will probably bring even the dissatisfied nominally behind the program, but to whip up enthusiasm for the new principles of German Socialism will be another thing. The Party leaders assumed a risk with their sponsorship of the new program: to strengthen the Party quantitatively they may seriously weaken it qualitatively. Would the gain in votes balance the loss of *elan*? Ollenhauer implied in his major speech before the congress that there had been some hesitation on this point, but the gamble was taken. Success, it would seem, will depend primarily upon the ability of the leadership to impress upon both party and public the validity of the new image the program is to create.

The element of personal leadership has been muted in the SPD since the death of Schumacher in 1952. However, it would seem that it can no longer be avoided. Time was when the Party, rather than individual leaders, was held up to the voters as warranting their support. The political developments which prompted the new program of the SPD also compel it to present to the public a set of alternative leaders to the present government. For better or worse, German politics revolve today around personalities, and no one knows it better than the Social Democratic leaders. Not only have they been twice defeated by a personality, but personalities in their own ranks have scored impressive electoral victories for the Party in various states and cities in recent years.

The attempt to run Ollenhauer against Adenauer in 1957 was generally felt to have been a fiasco. Ollenhauer has declared categorically that he will not head the ticket again, and a commission of seven Party leaders has been appointed to select a more effective *Spitzenkandidat* for the 1961 election. Several personalities stood out at the Extraordinary Congress as the most eminent representatives of the new image of the SPD, and most of them are likely to be thought of in connection with a Social Democratic or coalition government.

The great surprise of the congress was Herbert Wehner, one of the two deputy chairmen of the SPD. Once a high Communist functionary, he had symbolized to large sections of press and public opinion the radical left-wing character of the Party. At Bad Godesberg, Wehner set about to change this image of himself, along with the image of the SPD as a radical party. Repeatedly he rose from his seat to defend the program draft passionately against its Marxist critics, underscoring that he had learned to value democratic socialism as one who had been "burned" by totalitarian communism. The conservative weekly, *Die Zeit*, which saw in Wehner the outstanding figure of the congress, accepted and welcomed the new image.

Willy Brandt, Lord Mayor of Berlin, demonstrated again his skill in using his position to create a popular image of himself as a leader standing above the strife of parties and factions. Only a week earlier, he had provoked spontaneous applause from all sides of the *Bundestag* when he intervened in the foreign policy debate, not as a Social Democrat, but as the spokesman of the government of West Berlin. He addressed the delegates at Bad Godesberg in a similar

vein and, though many others spoke that day, Brandt alone shared the headlines in the next morning's papers with the chief speaker, Chairman Ollenhauer.

"From Marx to Deist," was the sarcastic description which one of the left-wing critics of the program draft employed to describe the road from Heidelberg to Godesberg. Heinrich Deist, the economic expert of the SPD, is no doubt the intellectual father of the new economic policy. Deist's career in the Party has violated practically every criteria of the accepted pattern. Never a Marxist, he always belonged to the extreme right-wing. Because he became, after 1933, a member of the Nazi Party to cover up his underground anti-Nazi activities, his opponents in the SPD bitterly complain in private that ex-Nazis have displaced victims of Hitler in the Party leadership. Deist's ability to give valuable aid to the efforts of the Party leaders to create a new image of the SPD spurred his ascent. In 1958 he was brought into the executive committee. A year later, he was chosen to become a member of the highly important seven-man inner council of the Party leadership that is to draw up its strategy for the next electoral campaign. Presumably, Deist would become Ludwig Erhard's successor in a Social Democratic government.

Fritz Erler, undoubtedly one of the intellectual leaders of the SPD, has made his reputation primarily as its spokesman on military questions. Along with Deist, Erler is one of the men bearing chief responsibility for the "new look" in the Social Democratic Program. At Bad Godesberg, he took upon himself the unpopular task of justifying the unequivocal commitment of the Party to defend the country. He told the delegates:

> We are not fighting against this state, but for power in this state, not for the state of the distant future, not just for the state in a reunified Germany, but specifically for power in this very state, the Federal Republic, which we wish to govern and shall govern.

The Party had to accept responsibility for the defense of the state against foreign attack as a logical consequence of its commitment to work within, rather than against, the present political order. Erler, too, like Brandt and Deist, belongs to the inner council of potential Social Democratic ministers.

Two other men frequently mentioned as members of an emerging Social Democratic "shadow cabinet" are Carlo Schmid and

August Zinn. Schmid, vice-president of the *Bundestag* and Professor of Political Science in Frankfurt, was the Party's candidate to succeed President Heuss last summer. Though he failed to be elected, because the CDU controlled a majority in the electoral assembly, Schmid was generally recognized as the candidate who would have won in a popular election. Along with Brandt, he is undoubtedly the most widely popular figure in the SPD and probably the most acceptable to other parties as head of a coalition government. Both Schmid and Brandt carefully remained aloof from the partisan debates of Bad Godesberg. Zinn, Minister President of Hesse, symbolizes the positive aspects of Social Democracy that the new program seeks to stress. For several years he has led coalition governments with great success.

Except for Wehner and Ollenhauer, this group represents something new in the SPD. It consists of men who have worked their way up in the Party and in German political life through public rather than party offices, as had been the pattern before 1933. Brandt and Zinn have been known chiefly through their positions as heads of state governments; Erler, Deist, and Schmid have become prominent through their activity in the *Bundestag*. They have the experience, the reputation and the proved popularity to reassure the voters the SPD would like to attract. In the crucial elections to come, their personal appeal may prove more significant than the phrases of the new fundamental program.

The shiny, new Godesberg Program raises two important questions. One concerns the SPD's position on German reunification, the other, the future of democratic socialist parties.

The discussion at Bad Godesberg revealed a curious ambivalence concerning the problem of German reunification, the key to Social Democratic strategy since 1945. On the one hand, Erich Ollenhauer and other speakers stressed repeatedly the "temporary" character of the present division of Germany and, therefore, the equally transitory character of the new program. It was said to be merely a program for the SPD in the Federal Republic; the basic principles of German Social Democracy are to be thoroughly re-examined by delegates of the Party from all over Germany once the country has been reunified. On the other hand, the sponsors of the new "Fundamental Program" sought to distinguish it from an *Aktionsprogramm* by emphasizing

its far more permanent character. After years of discussion and debate, this was to be the redefinition of Social Democratic principles which at long last would provide the Party with new basic guide lines for its strategy and tactics.

One could not escape the feeling that at least the dominant leaders have written off reunification as of no immediate concern to the Party in its efforts to gain power. Of course, the Party leaders neither can nor will abandon German reunification as a key concept in their public pronouncements. But references to the SPD's bitter opposition to European integration and NATO membership were curiously lacking in the program. The more its proponents stressed its design for the present situation in the Federal Republic, the less convincing seemed their professions to the cause of German reunification. If the program is indeed to be considered "fundamental," designed to last for decades like former such programs, one must either assume that it would survive a review by delegates from Eastern Germany after reunification—not a very convincing prospect in view of their totally different experiences—or that such a review is not likely to take place because reunification is not. If, on the other hand, the program is taken to be of no more than temporary character, then the claim that it is not an electoral *Aktionsprogramm* loses all meaning. This brings us to the second question raised by the program, the future of democratic socialism.

The program and the debates concerning it reveal a basic problem of democratic socialism long familiar to American Socialists but of more recent vintage in Europe and parts of Asia. This is the role and goals of a Social Democratic party in the modern democratic welfare state. With the realization of traditional democratic socialist objectives, from social security to nationalization, in country after country social democratic parties have had an increasingly difficult time maintaining a clientele that identifies its interests with such parties. Moreover, particularly in Europe and the British Commonwealth, conservative parties have found it rewarding to adopt as their own socialist principles they once bitterly opposed.

The new SPD program, and similar programs recently adopted by the Austrian and Dutch Socialists, have been greeted by opponents on the right and left of these parties as swan songs of democratic socialism. *Pravda* called the authors of the new SPD program "Chris-

tian Democrats" and the East German Socialist Unity Party triumphantly claims now to be the only German workers' party by the SPD's own admission. In Italy, the left-wing Nenni socialists have charged the SPD with opportunist sacrifice of basic principles, while the right-wing Saragat Social Democrats have carefully pronounced the program inapplicable at least for Italy. The Yugoslav *Kommunist* sees "insufficient understanding of the complicated development of modern capitalism and the chances for socialism arising therefrom" in the program. Conservative commentators in Germany and elsewhere declare that the document represents the formal surrender of the Social Democrats to economic and political policies which had proven themselves successful despite socialist warnings and opposition. In short, both camps agree that the new program symbolizes the collapse of traditional German Social Democracy.

The vehemence and the extent of the reaction—even in Japan the program was greeted as an "epoch-making event"—indicated that the document had a significance far exceeding the German political arena. Its impact upon the SPD membership and the German voters will be watched carefully. As the oldest and long the largest socialist party in the world, the SPD has many times exerted a decisive influence upon the course of the international labor movement. One need only recall the impact of its decision to support the First World War in 1914 or the repercussion of its destruction by Hitler in 1933.

As we have indicated, the political, social, and economic conditions in the Federal Republic have created a situation which lends a good deal of uniqueness to the Social Democratic efforts to come to power in a "bourgeois" state. But, as is usual in politics, success will invite imitation. Not the inconsistencies of the program and its opportunistic character, but its "pay-off" will matter in the long run. An appreciable gain of votes for the SPD in 1961 will no doubt give strong support to reformist elements in other socialist movements, particularly in Italy, Britain, and Japan. But should the German voters indicate in 1961 that, by becoming more like the CDU, the SPD has committed political castration, we may expect the radical left-wing socialists and communists in other countries to be the gainers.

Italian Socialism's Pillars of Hercules

By ANTONIO GIOLITTI

■ In all "Western" countries today, the socialist movement seems to be split between a right and a left, not to mention splinter groups. I have put quotation marks around the word "Western" because I want to broaden the connotation of the word beyond its geographical significance and to include in it concepts which are historical, sociological, economic, and ideological—all of them constantly debated, at least among the political and cultural elements of the Italian left. Perhaps such debates are a symptom of Italy's marginal position (and not just geographically) in the "Western" world. There are few responsible and objective scholars and political men in Italy who will refer to it as a "Western" country without any further qualification. We will see that this very propensity to broaden the term is one of the major factors influencing markedly the situation and the outlook of the Italian socialist movement.

Despite its unique characteristics, the Italian movement follows the pattern of a division between the left and the right. In Italy, as in France, the presence at the left of a strong Communist Party accentuates this division to the point of creating a split. That strong presence shows how precarious it is to classify Italy in the "Western" camp. It aggravates and exacerbates, in Italy as in other capitalist countries, the elaboration of socialist thought and action.

Let us examine the position and function of Italian Communism. I have already pointed out that this party limits and qualifies

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the inclusion of Italy in "Western" society. There are two reasons for that. First, the effect of a strong Communist Party is that it energetically challenges the very involvement of Italy in the Western world and its opportunity to develop within the framework of a democracy typical of that world. The fact is that the deep and tenacious social roots of the Communist Party result in large part from the retardation which differentiates the Italian society and economy from their capitalist counterparts in the West. I shall return to this point toward the end of this article when I shall sketch the economic and social factors which condition the socialist movement. All I want to point out for the present is that voting statistics show, constantly and eloquently, that the Italian Communist Party is favored by the retardation of certain social strata and geographical regions.

It would be a vulgar misapplication of economic determinism to attribute the vast influence of the Italian Communist Party solely to the squalor and backwardness of the unemployed, the part-time workers, the subproletariat. This would fail to explain the hold of the Communists on Tuscany and Emilia, where they are the most strongly entrenched. The tardy and halting character of Italian capitalism resulted in more than unemployment and squalor in big Italian regions. The most nefarious product of Italian capitalism was Fascism.

Fascism was the violent and sanguinary reaction against the stormy but disorganized popular and socialist movement which followed the First World War. For twenty years, it foisted upon the Italian masses the dictatorship of big capitalism supported by a backward and nationalistic middle class. It is true, of course, that during these twenty years, democratic men and groups, like the Socialist Party, struggled with heroism and dedication against Fascism. But it is also true, and in the long run more important, that the Communist Party alone was able to maintain the continuous and organized resistance of the workers against Fascism. It is a fact, further, that during World War II, Partisan resistance was largely organized and directed by the Communists.

And so, at the end of the war, the Communist Party could step forward and claim that it had contributed the most to the anti-fascist victory, and it laid claim to the leadership of Italian labor.

The Communists did not fail to take full advantage of the prestige of the Soviet Union in the war against Nazism. It appeared in the guise of a new force, efficient, facing the future and not the dead past, and tied to a great international revolutionary movement which had emerged victorious in the world struggle.

By contrast, the Socialist Party appeared more as the heir of a great tradition than as a movement shaped in the crucible of the contemporary world during the gruelling test of war and Fascism. It was a composite party which already showed cracks and fissures. The unity of action of the Communist Party exercised, as it were, an action which was both centripetal and centrifugal. On the one hand, the Communists appealed, more strongly than did the Socialists, to the working classes. At the same time it impinged relentlessly, and to the point of forcing them to a break, those Socialists, who, for old or new ideological reasons, refused to identify themselves with the politics of the Communist Party. The break came soon. It was accentuated by international events. We will go into these, since, by reason of the cold war, they assumed decisive importance.

Indeed, from the very beginning of the cold war, an international factor entered the Italian political scene: the United States. We are not concerned here with an examination of the politics of the United States in Italy during and after the Second World War. It is enough to emphasize here the undisputed fact that the entire labor movement and a large section of public opinion considered that Italy had entered the American sphere of influence, especially during the period of military occupation. Some Socialists were divided on the significance of that fact. Some thought it would strength Socialism; others that it would weaken it.

The conservative forces, the Christian Democrats and the parties to the right of them, did not hesitate to claim—whether their reasons were right or wrong—that the emergence of the United States on the Italian scene reinforced their position. On the other hand, the Communists and, by reflex action, the Socialists did nothing to avoid (that is probably an understatement) an evident affinity for the Soviet Union. Results: exaggeration of the class struggle on an international scale; unleashing of the reactionary forces which felt themselves protected by the United States and anchored their position on the ground of international politics; division in the Socialist Party

and splitting off (January 1947) on the part of the faction led by Saragat, who left the Socialist Party to form "The Socialist Party of Italian Workers" (later called "The Italian Socialist Democratic Party"); the alignment of Italy, in foreign affairs, with the Western bloc.

In the reshuffle of the period immediately following the war, the Italian labor movement with a socialist and Marxist orientation (the Catholic group apart) was divided into three political parties: the Communist Party (PCI); the Socialist Party (PSI), the Social Democratic Party (PSDI).

The following table presents the voting trends of these parties in the period which followed.

ELECTIONS TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

Parties	*April 18, 1948*		*June 7, 1953*		*May 25, 1958*	
	Votes	*% of Total*	*Votes*	*% of Total*	*Votes*	*% of Total*
Popular Democratic Front (PCI + PSI)	8,151,529	31	———	——	———	——
PCI			6,121,922	22.6	6,704,454	22.7
PSI			3,463,035	12.8	4,206,726	14.2
PSDI	1,858,346*	7.1	1,223,251	4.5	1,342,447	4.5

* Name used on ballot in this election was "Party of Socialist Unity"

As the reader knows, the PSDI was constantly allied with the Christian Democrats and took part in the government of the "center" from 1947 to 1955. This is the government which restored the capitalist structure of Italy after the war; which consented to and favored the formation of strong "pressure groups" representing great industrial monopolies and the big landowners; enacted a policy of discrimination against labor and against the political rights of citizens of socialistic or communistic opinion. It is not my purpose here to explain or criticize the position of the PSDI. I confine myself to stating the objective fact that this party is not in a posture of opposition, inside the socialist movement, to the conservative forces of the country. Nevertheless, since words do have meaning and weight, the fact that this party continues to call itself "Socialist" shouldn't remain ineffective. We will see, indeed, that the situation

which has emerged since 1956 must incline it to the left and towards the PSI if it is to retain the support of its backers and if it is to avoid being completely fettered by the Christian Democrats.

The socialist opposition to the government of the center—which was the only opposition of the left, the only real opposition—was, in those years, under the leadership of the Communist Party. Outweighed ideologically, the Italian Socialist Party found itself further handicapped numerically and tactically after the splintering of the Saragat group. But the climate of the cold war makes the PCI the pivot around which clusters the entire opposition of the left. The international contrast imposes massive and coherent alternatives to the Italian electorate. Russia and the United States are the two poles which have commanded political alignment since the elections of 1948. The fear of Communist sovietization gave the Christian Democrats their victory. In 1953, still another fear assailed the electorate, that of a dictatorship, no longer sovietic, but clerical The new electoral laws—"the loaded laws," first enacted and then repealed—could have given the Christian Democrats a crushing majority, but it only carried, in combination with its allies, fifty per cent of the vote. The Christian Democrats did not get a majority.

To a pessimist, it would appear that once more it was fear which won out. But in both cases it could be said that this fear expressed a desire to repel a threat to democratic liberties. To an optimist, then, it seems as if both elections resulted in the defense of democracy. My personal opinion is that the second peril was by far the more real and imminent.

Thus, the Christian Democrats reached the limits of their power. Those limits resided in the stability of the vote on the left, both Communist and Socialist. But the latter itself showed that it couldn't overcome its own limitations. The hegemony of the Communist Party rendered the Socialist Party incapable of expansion. That party bore the crushing weight of the fundamental contradictions which mark the Communist Party which, while it proclaimed and professed to pursue democratic principles within the framework of constitutional legality and therefore to effect progressive measures through reformist and parliamentary means, through free and democratic elections, nevertheless continued to be rigidly tied to Leninist ideology; to come out unswervingly with positions which were in

perfect accord with Soviet politics; to keep open the option of a revolutionary solution emanating from a foreign country.

The Italian Socialist Party has always been keenly aware of these fetters. After the election of 1953 it followed an increasingly autonomous course in the political and ideological spheres. It has been unwilling to submit to the ideological dogmas of the Communist Party, to be subjected to foreign domination—and to be dragged into the twists and inconsistencies which beset that party. The Communists had unusual opportunities to be shed of these contradictions. There was the twentieth convention of the Communist Party in Russia. There was the Hungarian revolution. The Italian Communist Party professed to be committed *ante litteram* to the "democratic and peaceful path of socialism." It could have developed in that direction coherently and forcefully, when Khrushchev announced a new line. But to do so it would have had to turn to a criticism of the Communistic system as such, and not just to that spurious target, "The Cult of Personality." And it should have sided with the Hungarian people against the tanks of the Russians. There, indeed, were the golden opportunities to strike the bonds which hobble the "democratic and national" political orientation of the Communist Parties in general.

By contrast, the Italian Socialist Party did not hesitate to declare its complete independence. It emphasized its autonomy from the Italian Communist Party. It engaged in a resolute criticism of the Soviet system. It took a public position on the Hungarian revolution. Moreover, it solemnly proclaimed, at the National Socialist Convention in January 1957, that it considered democracy not only as a means but as an end; that it held democracy to be the essential condition upon which the existence of the Italian Socialist Party and of a socialist state is premised.

The autonomy of the Italian Socialist Party had a great impact on the Social Democratic Party and on the more progressive elements of the Christian Democrats, which are tied into the Catholic labor movement. In the summer of 1956, the problem of "socialist unification" between the PSI and the PSDI opened up new possibilities. But the PSI was in no mood to accept the invitation of the Social Democrats to veer over from the left towards the "democratic center" and to sever its ties with that part of the Italian working

class to which the Italian Communist Party makes its most militant appeal.

The problem of building up a democratic and socialist movement cannot be solved by freezing and sealing off six and a half million voters and two million members enrolled in the Italian Communist Party. Rather, the task is to develop, for these masses of people, a Socialist leadership which can prevail over Communist dogmatism. It is also imperative to free the Catholic workers and farmers from the domination of the clergy and the right wing of the Christian Democrats. This is the dual historical task which the Italian Socialist Party faces. These are the pillars of Hercules which Socialism must carry to lift Italy out of its conservative marsh into the open sea of economic development and democratic progress.

Will the PSI succeed in this enterprise? The party is certainly in a most difficult predicament. The strength of the Vatican and of the Italian clergy, the international position of Italy within NATO and the Common European Market, the hold of big capital over the press, radio, television, and other mass media of communication —all these pose formidable obstacles. To boot, the position of the Italian Communist Party is crystallized and entrenched. At all events, we see today that the PSDI (whose left, including five of the twenty-two members of Parliament which compose its entire strength, broke off in 1959 to join the Italian Socialist Party) is shaking loose from its "centrist" alliance with the Christian Democrats and is now proposing a center-left government in support of the Italian Socialist Party. The entire left of the Christian Democratic Party, in open contrast to the rightist elements of that party, recognizes that a government of such a complexion is possible and perhaps necessary. The Italian Communist Party, which at first denounced as treason all attempts on the part of the PSI toward convergence with elements of the Christian Democrats, now, in turn, views such a repprochement favorably. The whole political scene in Italy is astir today.

But the future of socialism in Italy does not rest only, or even predominantly, on parliamentary moves towards a coalition government. The basic problem is the creation of a socialist majority in parliament and in the country. And, at this point, we face the great historical problems of socialism in all Western countries. But there

is another factor: Italy is only partially a "Western" country because, side by side with the phenomena of "neo-capitalism" in some industries and regions, we still face the vast dominance of "pre-capitalism," especially in the South and in rural areas. We are plagued by unemployment, which hovers around the ten per cent mark. We have a mass of five million illiterates plus another seven million whose education is below the level of five grades of elementary school training (according to the census of November 4, 1951). Wages and consumption per inhabitant are low. Private capitalist initiative has shown itself incapable, in the past and at the present time, to develop a balanced national economy. In the last five years, despite the favorable conditions which prevailed between 1954 and 1957, Italy was unable to reach even the modest objectives proposed in the program of the Christian Socialists (the so-called Vanoni Plan). It is for these reasons that the Italian socialist faces an uphill road to raise the standard of living merely to a level comparable to that of developed capitalist countries.

But socialism cannot exhaust itself in urging the objectives of the welfare state. In this area, the persuasive powers, both occult and open, of capitalism have the advantage. Moreover, in Italy the choice of consumers is predetermined, after all, by the decisions of corporate capital: the highest level of investment and of consumption in this country full of hungry and poorly educated people is still among those who buy cars and gasoline-driven vehicles. Over the roofs of houses in slums, houses without water and without toilets, one can see a forest of TV antennae. Nor is it enough to say that we need more schools, more hospitals, more water mains. To sustain the demand for durable consumer goods, the demand for a higher hygienic standard, education, culture, civilization, it is necessary to present to the people a convincing alternative of a socialist society founded on a different scale of idealistic and moral values. It is necessary to demonstrate that socialism is capable of opening a third road which offers, besides peaceful co-existence, a less squalid perspective of technical and economic competition; a way between the bureaucracy of capitalistic managers and sovietic bureaucracy. Unfortunately, Italian socialism has not yet succeeded in translating this conception into a concrete program, clearly presented.

A Waitress I Coveted

By GEORGE ABBE

And day by day she fed me, but I lacked
what stood behind the movement of her hand.
The white of bread was only what would not slake,
the meat lay gossamer upon the blood's land,

until, I rose from the boarders' company,
placing my hand upon her breast, and went
out across the summer hills to a meadow free
of shadow, where the great sun made us grow faint.

And there, naked to naked light, I ate of her form:
the teeth that failed at pastry, tore at her cheek;
along my jugular passed her nipples' warmth,
her groin was delicate and salted flake.

I and the sun devoured; the hills stood back;
the shade of hawk died beyond farthest roof.
And yet—yet suddenly I saw she was sleek
and fatted—corpulent now, obscenely huge;

and I—great God! I put my hand to chest
and felt there only ribs where the ants swarmed;
I dropped my gaze and saw the knee-cap burst
from stringed sinew, the shin-bone wreathed in worms,

and the toe—the eager toe that always had known
direction to the boarding-table food—
twitched in the hot grass, fleshless and insane,
and all my thinness, drawn like hides on wood,
beat with the passionate wasps of the alone.

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Cleavage and Consensus in American Politics

By HEINZ EULAU

■ Europe's democratic party systems are in transition. From a rather rigid, if colorful, multi-partyism they seem to be changing into more flexible and competitive party patterns. The acceptance of welfare state programs and policies by the old right, coupled with the emaciation of socialist dreams and objectives among the left, symbolizes this transformation. Two-party systems are still the exception rather than the rule. But comparison with the American party system and political process may be suggestive.

The new political tendencies in Europe are due to the higher levels of economic rationality and productivity that have been reached since the end of the Second World War, the social leveling processes that resulted, and the greater social mobility following in their wake. The blow to traditional class distinctions is being reinforced by the strengthening of the tertiary or service industries, contributing to the decline of the peasant and farmer classes as well as reducing the numerical superiority of the blue-collar as against the white-collar occupations. Increased social mobility and new occcupational opportunities tend to undermine and blur traditional class lines of cleavage, minimize the need to project distinct class interests into the political arena, and make for a less ideological and intransigent politics. Conditions exist for reduction in the number of

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parties and for increased competition between the parties for popular support across class boundaries. This adjustment between class structure and party structure which also took place in America, but much more gradually than in present-day Europe, provides a salient frame of reference for comparison.

American party politics thrives on the happy phrase. The cult of the happy phrase is, quite probably, a corollary of the low prominence of politics in American life: so peripheral is politics by comparison with most people's main concerns—their family, their job, their leisure—that congenial political phrases function to free the mind from thought and provide easy answers to difficult questions. It may be that a viable American politics cannot do without the happy phrase. The very complexity of politics, yet the need to simplify this complexity in terms that make decision possible, may call for magic formulas.

Two happy phrases, in particular, stand in the way of understanding the adjustment in the relationship between social classes and political parties that has taken place in America. One is of long standing and widely accepted. The other is of relatively recent vintage and widely rejected. And both are half-truths, not two sides of the same coin, but two false coins. One minimizes and the other exaggerates the difference between America's two major parties. Both deserve to be stricken from the vocabulary of American politics.

The first happy phrase, often accepted as a "fact," is that the two great parties do not really differ, that victory or defeat make little difference in the direction of American governance. Political choice, being a matter of deciding between Tweedledee and Tweedledum, is said to be no choice at all. "Probably the most important single accomplishment for the politically ambitious, the most effective asset they can possibly acquire," Frank Kent, the newspaperman, wrote many years ago, "is the fine art of seeming to say something without doing so." This model of American politics was first suggested by the Englishman and political scientist, James Bryce, as long ago as 1888. "The American parties now continue to exist," he wrote in his classic study, *The American Commonwealth*, "because they have existed. The mill has been constructed, and its machinery goes on turning, even when there is no grist to grind." And he quoted, with evident

approval, the remark of an anonymous journalist that "the two great parties were like two bottles. Each bore a label denoting the kind of liquor it contained, but each was empty."

The trouble with the Tweedledee-Tweedledum model is not only that it is wrong, but that it disguises an implicit assumption which is wrong. The assumption is that party politics must necessarily involve issues which can be neatly calibrated—preferably in some sort of dichotomy—and attached to party labels. It would be convenient, indeed, if we could think of the Democrats as the party of liberalism and of the Republicans as the party of conservatism. But we cannot. We owe this assumption to Edmund Burke's description of a political party as "a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." Burke's formula has been so remote from American realities that few have ever openly argued for it. But it evidently has some latent appeal for those who feel that American politics, to be more "meaningful," should produce parties clearly divided on issues, giving the voter a rational choice, if not making for a "more responsible" party system. Finding the Burkean formula's lack of fit disturbing, they rationalize their despair by stressing Tweedledee and Tweedledum, an image of American party politics that, like the Burkean model, has never been. It betrays a misunderstanding of American political history, and especially of the function which the parties have performed, and continue to perform, in the American political process.

More to the point in justifying the Tweedledee-Tweedledum formula is the argument that the two parties do not and cannot differ too much on issues because, in a two-party system, both must appeal to the entire electorate rather than to a particular clientele. If they want to win a majority at the polls, the parties cannot afford to appeal to parochial interests or social classes without alienating an important segment of their potential support. There is an element of truth in the argument: the need to appeal to a cross-section of the people—workers, farmers, businessmen big and little, regardless of race and religion—may explain why the parties forever tend to resemble each other in matters of public policy. But this argument fails to account for just those differences which do exist between the parties, and which have been traditionally decisive enough to divide

the electorate into partisan followings along more or less discernible lines. By Burkean standards, these differences may seem to be trivial and unimportant, supporting the impression of Tweedledee and Tweedledum. But it is an impression both superficial and deceptive.

Rather than asking what American parties *are*, it may be more profitable to ask what they *do*. What is their function in American politics? Is it to fill offices? Is it to crystallize issues? Is it to link the citizen with his government? All of these, and more. But before suggesting what this "more" may be, it is well to recall that the founders of the American nation were profoundly suspicious of parties—or factions, as they called them. Washington warned against the "baneful effects" of the party spirit: "It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection."

Washington could hardly have been more wrong. What he feared, however, was not really the existence of parties, but that the parties would be the institutional translations of the social cleavage which had characterized colonial politics, the politics of the Confederation, and the politics of Constitutional ratification. James Madison had similar fears, well expressed in Number 10 of *The Federalist*. Yet, in giving the founders' bias against parties its most formal statement, he also recognized the possibility of a genuinely political solution. If, he wrote, "the *causes* of faction cannot be removed," then "relief is only to be sought in the means of controlling its effects." If Madison did not foresee the role which America's parties came to play as agents of national integration, he can hardly be blamed. But his insight that the "causes" of faction—by which he meant social and economic cleavage—could not be removed, introduced into American politics a degree of political tolerance which was singularly absent on the Continent once political parties made their appearance.

Europe's political parties, as they emerged with the coming of constitutionalism and democracy during the nineteenth century, became just what Washington had feared: organizational weapons not only in the conflict of classes, but also in the cleavage between clerics

and secularists, between monarchists and republicans, between centralists and regionalists—antagonisms deeply rooted in European history which were soon reflected in the blooming multi-party politics of the Continent. The task of party politics was to defeat the political enemy forever: working class parties would seek to obliterate bourgeois rule; republican parties would strive to liquidate monarchies; secularists would be intent not only on separating State and Church, but on eliminating all clerical influence from public life.

Unlike their European counterparts, America's first party builders never dreamed of complete victory for a class, a religion, a region, or an ideology. "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," Jefferson exclaimed in his inaugural address. But in saying it he did not mean to say that Republicans and Federalists were Tweedledee and Tweedledum. He was too much of a partisan to so misunderstand the bitter party struggle just concluded. Jefferson had in mind what has ever since been the guiding principle of American politics: that once the electoral decision was made, the political game could start all over again. There was to be no total victory or defeat but a continuing process of ascertaining the national consensus. The task of politics was to accommodate potentially disastrous conflicts, not by eliminating their causes, but by controlling their consequences. The lesson was not learned with ease: the Civil War remains as the symbol of early failure.

Just how politics as a process of bargaining and accommodation gradually emerged and became stabilized and institutionalized in the post-Civil War two-party system is difficult to pin down. Basically, it was probably due to the country's vast resources which could be mobilized, sooner or later, to satisfy most demands made by special interests of whatever sort on the political system as a whole. While European politics, like European economics, was a politics of scarcity and survival, American politics, like American economic life, was a politics of potential abundance and promises. European politics came to resemble a zero-sum game: one's own survival required the destruction of one's opponent. American politics became a satisfying process. Interests—whether of an economic, sectional, religious, or ethnic kind—did not so much seek to maximize as to satisfy their needs and requirements. And most could be satisfied. It was not an even process; farmers and workers had to await the New

Deal. It is not a completed process; Negroes and migratory farm laborers have yet to be accommodated. And the process is likely to go on. But in the context of abundance and promises, the parties were not needed as agents of, but as umpires among, the interests. Rather than becoming agencies of cleavage, the parties became agencies of consensus.

It is certainly one of the most conspicuous and permanent features of American politics that minor or third parties, wedded to special groups or classes, have never gotten off the ground. They were doomed to fail as autonomous political units because their numerical bases were always circumscribed and limited to an extent which made the conquest of power unlikely in a society where, paradoxically, the minorities constituted the majority. The major parties, by way of contrast, could find institutional permanence as autonomous entities precisely because they avoided being appendages of special interests. Party politics came to live a life of its own. Of course, attempts were made from time to time by special interests to capture one or the other party and bend it to their purposes. But these attempts failed, sooner or later, because the social pluralism and open-endedness of American society required of party politics that it serve an integrating function.

Closely linked with its integrating function, in many respects giving it its institutional tenure, was the professionalization of party politics, especially where it came to count most, in the urban and populous centers of the nation. Much myth-making about grass-root politics and citizen-politicians notwithstanding, American politicians after the Civil War were professionals—in Max Weber's phrase, living "off" politics as much as "for" politics. European politicians did not make a living off politics. If they belonged to the aristocratic or bourgeois élite, they lived off their independent incomes. If they belonged to the laboring class, they were mostly functionaries in the employ of class-based sponsoring organizations. In America, the independent party politician, like the professional in other pursuits, was ready and willing to sell his services to the highest bidder. But the bids often changed, as did the politicians. This, in retrospect, had many unfortunate consequences for the reputation of politics—consequences which, in due time, the American political conscience was no longer prepared to tolerate: the corruption and malfeasance in

office that characterized much of American politics between Civil War and World War I left little to the political imagination. But there was a functional consequence as well: in making for a politics potentially available to all interests and closed to none, in isolating the parties from permanent alliances with special pressures, professionalization preserved the role of the parties as umpires and co-ordinators of group conflicts.

Just because deeply divisive issues do not serve as decisive criteria by which to distinguish between the parties, American politics is not issueless. Disagreements over programs and policies—on the local, state, and federal levels of government—are myriad. But they are simply not fought out as party issues. They cut across the parties, and each party must seek to reach compromises between conflicting interests *within* its own precincts. Wherever one turns—to the platform-making activities of a national convention, to the decisions in the caucus of a Congressional or state legislative party, to the discussions of a local party organization—issues are debated and compromised. If, as a result, the conflict between the parties appears as little more than shadow-boxing, it is not because American politics is insensitive to great issues, but because it is within the parties rather than between them that conflicts are crystallized and resolved.

If the parties had developed otherwise, it is difficult to see just how the multiverse interests in American society could have been harnessed in a viable national politics. The great fluidity and inconsistency of American party patterns was superbly suited to this task. It is well to remember that whatever subjective meaning "being a Democrat" or "being a Republican" may have for partisans, in objective reality, as David Truman has pointed out, "party" has many meanings in America, different on the local, state, and federal levels, different from one election to the next, different in the electoral and the legislative process. The fact that, in spite of such great structural diversity, the parties as loose coalitions of state and local parties have managed to play integrating roles on the national level, is all the more reason not to write them off as politically irrelevant formations in the governance of the American commonwealth.

One need not elevate the pragmatic, non-ideological temper of American politics into principle and speak, as Daniel Boorstin has done, of the "genius" of American politics. That the national parties

developed as they did was not a matter of particular genius but of the historic social and economic circumstances which conditioned their role. And while it would be foolish to deny similarities between the parties which, it has been suggested, derive from the integrating function required by the pluralistic and heterogeneous context of American life, it is equally foolish to deny that the parties have differed in the past, differ today, and are likely to differ in the future. If this were not the case, it would be impossible to account for the fact that, over the long haul, the parties did manage to divide the electorate into two differing, stable blocs of supporters.

The other happy phrase of politics, more notorious than famous, and tantalizing indeed, has it that "a person thinks, politically, as he is socially. Social characteristics determine political preference." What the adage seems to say is, apparently, what Karl Marx had said long ago—that a person's position in the class structure determines his political ideas and interests. In fact, analyses of American voting behavior show that, in general, the higher a person's class position, the more likely he is to vote Republican, and the lower his class position, the greater is the likelihood of his voting Democratic. If this is so, could it be that the parties' integrating function is guided by different emphases within each party in line with its class bases? Could it be that class and party are so related to each other as to create the sensitive balance between conflict and consensus which characterizes American politics and produces political stability?

Because the fears of the Founding Fathers—that parties would mean a politics of class cleavage—were not realized, does this mean that social class was and is altogether irrelevant for American politics? It is true, as is often acknowledged, that no major party in American history has ever been *exclusively* a class party. From the very time of their emergence, the national parties have been grand coalitions composed of elements in all strata of the class structure. Yet this does not preclude the possibility that the core of the parties' support was *typically* recruited more from one than another sector in the American class structure. The Federalists, it has been said, were typically backed by urban merchants and well-to-do farmers, and the Jeffersonian-Jacksonian Democrats by urban workers and poorer farmers. And these alignments may have been carried over,

through the Whigs and post-Civil War parties, into the modern era. If this is so, whatever adjustment in the relationship between classes and parties did occur may be critical in assessing the American political process.

With the victory of the Jeffersonian Democrats, whatever class feelings about political issues may have existed in the outgoing eighteenth century were no longer believed to be potentially fatal to the future of the young nation. Class lines had become less sharply defined than in the years between Revolution and Ratification. Issues of concern to different class interests were not perceived as "fundamental," as issues that could not be compromised in the arena of politics. This was in contrast to Europe where the heritage of feudalism cast a deep shadow over transformations in the social structure occasioned by the rise of capitalism and made for sharper class differentiation. American politics, on the surface at least, grew singularly free of class conflicts whose political resolution was inhibited by the very existence of classes, as seems to have been the case in Europe.

Above all, the pervasive influence of the democratic belief in equality, not matched anywhere else in its depth or extent, militated against recognition of class in politics. And even when there was recognition, the relevance of class considerations seemed remote. As long as America was predominantly agricultural, major political cleavages were seen to lie chiefly in the unequal rates of growth of different sections, and concern with sectional interests—itself undoubtedly a very real issue in shaping the course of American politics—tended to obscure whatever roles different classes did play in politics. As both opportunity for, and the fact of, social mobility tended to reduce the development of "class consciousness" in the American environment, the existence of classes and their relationship to party conflicts eluded political observation. The overlap of classes with the more "visible" ethnic and religious groupings of an immigrant population obstructed perception of party politics in class terms. As successive waves of immigrants supplied the labor force for the lowest and most menial tasks that had to be performed in an increasingly urbanized society, mass political behavior could be more comprehendingly described in terms of an Irish or Polish, Catholic or Jewish vote than in class terms.

All of this worked against recognition of the very subtle articula-

tion that took place in the relationship between classes and parties in the American context. The fact that voters were not *solely* recruited from a particular sector or sectors in the class structure, yet were probably *typically* so recruited, constituted a phenomenon difficult to grasp and admit. Party politicians may have been, and probably were, sensitive to the adjustment that took place, but students of politics had only limited data for inference. Only recent research findings allow us to be quantitatively precise. The fact seems to be that though positive, the relationship between class and party may vary a great deal from one election to the next. If we take occupational status as an index of class and presidential vote as an index of party support (a rather poor, but the only national, measure there is), we find that in the 1944 election the relationship could be expressed by a correlation coefficient of .26; in 1948 it rose to .48; in 1952 it dropped to .29; and in 1956 it reached a very low .16. Certainly, both the low degree of association expressed by these coefficients and their fluctuation through time should warn us against accepting the adage about the social determination of party voting for what it implies. Class considerations alone or to a greater degree than other considerations do not influence party preferences, and party politics is not simply a function of varying class relations. Many aggregates other than classes exert an influence on politics, as do traditional party affiliations, issues of the day, campaign propaganda, and even the personality characteristics of voters and politicians.

In short, the relationship which seems to exist between class and party in American politics is a subtle and kaleidoscopic one. The adjustment that seems to have taken place—permitting or requiring the parties to recruit their followers across class lines, yet orienting their integrating function in directions which incline towards the class or classes from which they typically recruit—is incomprehensible if one's model of American politics is either that of Tweedledee and Tweedledum or that of "social determination." A more appropriate model would see both classes and parties operating simultaneously as agents of cleavage as well as of consensus.

The parties' consensus-making role is more readily accepted than a similar role for the classes. From Madison on, there has been a bias against the positive, functional role which classes play in the

development of national consensus. Writers concerned with the "class basis" of politics have assumed that social differentiation arising out of the unequal distribution of property and other societal values is harmful to social and political integration. One need not be a Marxist to admit that a great deal of political conflict is rooted in social and economic conflict. In so far as the parties are typically based on classes, their integrating functions are likely to differ in the direction of their class bases. But in so far as they are not solely based on classes, their integrating functions tend to approximate each other. In other words, in stressing what differentiates the parties one must not ignore what binds them, and in stressing their similarities one must not forget what keeps them apart. The same is true of the classes. In particular, the integrating effect which the class structure may have on party strife deserves attention.

No society is conceivable without some sort of class structure. Why this is so need not concern us here. What makes for societal integration in terms of class is the fact that the very existence of a class structure involves more or less wide agreement on the values which serve as criteria for assigning individuals to particular social positions. The existence of classes, then, is predicated on a broad consensus concerning the values at the foundation of the class structure. This does not preclude social mobility and is, in fact, a prerequisite of mobility. For mobility, even in a society like the American where class lines are blurred, involves agreement on fundamental values. In other words, the class structure, whatever its particular shape at a particular point in time, is both symbol and institutionalization of consensus on social values. Class conflict, then, means conflict over the distribution of the values on which all of a society's members are agreed. What David Riesman has gently called "the conversation of the classes" suggests that the classes simultaneously function as catalysts of cleavage as well as of consensus.

If this is so, what makes classes politically relevant elements in politics is their numerical strength. Whatever index of class one chooses, and into whatever number of classes one divides American society, the fact is that because of the unequal distribution of values some classes are numerically larger than others. These distributions limit party recruitment practices. No party exclusively based on the "upper" classes could expect to be successful at the polls, simply be-

cause the "lower" classes are stronger in numbers. It is for this reason that an exclusive class appeal is impossible in a two-party system, and it is for this reason that the parties must seek to combine what the class structure divides. At the same time, the value consensus that joins classes in a class structure sets limits to the animosities of party strife which Washington feared so much. All of this Alexander Hamilton ignored when he favored the business and commercial interests of his time at the expense of the interests of the farmers who had been in the Federalist camp and given it much numerical strength—and the Federalist Party died an early death. The Whigs learned his lesson. Their typical class leanings notwithstanding, they deprecated class issues because they knew their cause to be hopeless without lower-class support. Hoover's and Landon's Republicans came close to committing Hamilton's error.

If the major parties are not "exclusively" class parties, it is not because there are no classes or class structure, or because, as has been said, "America is middle-class," but because there are classes and a class structure. Class-related issues contribute to party conflict, but value consensus underlying class relations does not allow the parties to press for class interests beyond a point set by the differential numerical strength of different classes. The tendency of the parties to minimize class issues and to appeal to broad segments of the population, regardless of class lines, and their tendency to resolve class conflicts within rather than between themselves, prevent potentially dangerous class antagonisms from spilling over into politics. Yet, because they are typically different in composition and in those orientations that flow from their composition, the parties differ significantly in the solutions to national issues which they promote and which are not unrelated to politically relevant class differences. It is on the continuance of this adjustment in the relationship between class and party that the American two-party system as a meaningful political alternative to other systems depends. Whether European politics will develop in a similar direction is yet to be seen.

Progeny

By JACK MATTHEWS

His children surround him with chatters;
they tangle his shoestrings, beat like wings
upon his knees and pose in marvelous confusion
before his eyes. Such lovely gestures . . .
marble figures soiled by earth, their stillness
bothered by blinking eyes and panting bellies . . .
impatient statuary with such complex futures.

Their music stays with him almost always
and such silences as when they stare
at picture books and hold their breath.
He carries their faces in his wallet
but there are tuneless hours
when he discovers he has lost their ways.

It is then, simply picking up their hands, knees
and dirty faces, that he knows in his heart
he has conquered a part of time
and that even in his last dogged defeat
he will be able to unleash them like puppies
to go bounding into the windy grass of tomorrow.

JACK MATTHEWS' poetry has appeared in a number of literary journals, including this one. He is a reviewer and feature writer for the Columbus (O.) *Dispatch*. Another of his poems is printed on page 209.

Come Back to My Garden

By PARM MAYER

The voice
that from the only deep ascends,
cries a fog-tone-across-a-chasm cry:

Adam! Adam!
Can you hear me, Adam?
Above a thousand tromboning cars;
Above your TV continuity,
asserting its ingredients;
above the jugging crash of ennui
in the empty reeling of your brain.

I see you as icon,
trapped and snarling in your city den,
while your unmoored pony tails
heel to cymbal and toot-horn
and plucked-plucked G-strings.

Has it been head over heels
to pulp my wherever forests
to newsprint your carnival of crime?
And what profit was booked
in cynaniding the stream I bathed you in?

Pleasure is, of course, a shrinking phrase
inside a beaten-too-loudly drum.
A click of your cogwheel mind
tells you there is nothing to do
after the spectacular ends.

Maybe Gabriel didn't write you
that the gate of my garden
was never locked after you left
and I cut down the old apple tree Sundays ago.

PARM MAYER teaches English at Northwood College, Alma, Michigan. His poetry has been published widely and he is author of over seventy published short stories for young people.

Believe me, I am god-awful lonely
and my beard has grown king-sized
from stroking it downward.
Each night I pray: Come back, come back.
And bring Eve along, if you can find her.
For like a boob-tree in Gaza,
I have neither leavening nor rib-craft book.

Adam! Adam!
Are you listening?
Can you hear me?

In the Greener Roar

By HELEN SUE ISELY

Do not expect my exits
shuffling
in potassium permangenate
dried in a prune
of purple desert.

Search for my sails
in the greener roar
floating with innocent flotsam
as wet wild and willing
as river mouths
as tireless as the silent eye
the nothing
which holds my hurricane
by its awful
neck.

All that you need
honey
is seamanship.

HELEN SUE ISELY's poetry has appeared in *The Antioch Review*, as well as in *Western Review*, New York *Herald-Tribune*, *Epos Anthology*, *Southwest Review*, and *The Personalist*, in recent years.

The Fumador

By HERBERT LOBSENZ

■ *"Señor, es usted fumador?"*

Literally, "Are you a smoker?" or "Do you smoke?" but how much more worthy of Ulysses it sounds. To smoke is a small thing. Anyone can do it. But *los fumadores?* Well, there is a class of men apart from the rest of the world. They could be the subject of an epic poem.

The seats are stiff, the compartment crowded, and the train will arrive at least two hours late, but, nevertheless, one's glad he's come to Spain. "There can be no tragedy in the modern world." "Antique grandeur is gone for good. The Elizabethans were the last to have it."

"I was not at the hot gates," you almost answer, but they wouldn't understand that here. Is it the Pyrenees that has protected them from the knowledge that human dignity is dead?

One reaches forth his fingers, tempted by the word, if not by the cigarette, then suddenly notices it's Ideales he's being offered, and of the cheaper sort at that: yellow paper and black tobacco, too strong and much too crude—they'll cause rashes inside the mouth. One wants to refuse, but the train is 200 kilometers from Salamanca still and your refusal might offend. One cannot retire for the journey, bury his face in the *Times*, or hide behind the latest copy of *Punch*, thereby presenting a respectable enough public face without being called upon to defend it. If one were travelling from London to Manchester he'd be considered rude if he persisted in conversation; when one is travelling from Madrid to Salamanca he is considered

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HERBERT LOBSENZ, a native of New York, has been living in Europe for the past few years, studying at universities in Spain, Italy, and England. His first novel will be published shortly by Harper's.

rude if he does not. Six hours of hostility in a third class compartment with ten people packed shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee? Very difficult. The Spanish are capable of throwing balled-up candy wrappers at you and of kicking you quite deliberately every time they cross their legs. One accepts the cigarette—yellow paper or no.

The man who offers it you? The ugliest fellow imaginable: a long nose, wide, hooked, and misshapen; thick spectacles and thick lips that seem brutish and greedily sensual. But above all, his hands are fascinating. One can't take one's eyes away. They're puffed at the wrist and through the body of the palm, and puffed still until they reach the last joint of the finger, where they taper suddenly into mere trails of fingertips; El Greco hands of temporary flesh pulled into melted cheese shapes—in flux, one imagines, (for one has just been to the Prado and to Toledo), between the not-flesh of before existence and the was-flesh of after death.

Self-conscious at so flowery a phrase, you look outside the window to find support, to watch the gouged and furrowed ground rock by, to see hills studded like hob-nailed boots with blasted boulders, and stunted trees that appear to have been scattered over the hilltops and to have slid down, rootless, resting only temporarily where you see them now. And you nod to yourself.

"It's the harshness of the landscape that's done the trick. It keeps their minds on eternity."

Your benefactor, meantime, is using his awkward mandibles to fit his cigarette to a long, yellow holder. When you reach to your pocket for matches he throws up both hands with a magnificent gesture. You freeze. The moment is pregnant. He's wearing dirty celluloid cuffs and his tie is spotted with foodstains. Finally, he

reaches into the pocket of his seedy grey jacket, extricates a steel-tubed cigarette lighter, and offers you fire with a flourish. You accept and thank him, and he snaps the lighter shut and strikes it again with another flourish, before taking fire himself. Each time he snaps the lighter open or snaps it shut, there's a loud metallic noise that's distinctly audible over the flacking sounds of the train. But the noise is not enough. He has to lift the thing above his head as though it were the Olympic torch itself.

"This one never fails!" he positively announces. His upper lip is contorted like that of a sand-scavaging fish and the resonance of his tone implies a pride that's almost sexual.

His wife sits beside him, pulling at a stiff hair that grows from the centermost of a group of three hideous moles upon her chin. She undoes it to its full length, then releases it, allowing it to curl back to its natural position, like one of those paper noise-makers we use on New Year's Eve.

She considers what her husband has said and looks toward you for a moment. "It's true," she testifies, then returns to staring out the window and to toying with the hair.

"It's a good mechanism!" He shakes it above his head with surprising belligerence. No one has offered the slightest criticism of his lighter.

"Luxurious, it isn't," he continues, "but it functions."

"Well, that's the important thing," his wife agrees, staring at the scenery.

He draws smoke through the holder, holds it in his mouth for the appropriate length of time, then blows it back into the compartment without inhaling. You begin to grow suspicious.

"Señor Fernandez has one that looks like a pistol." Ostensibly he's addressing his wife, but the entire compartment can hear.

"What a novelty!" His wife yawns, and you suspect that his musings don't really interest her because she knows he never smokes in private life—only on trains.

"It may be a novelty," he admits, "however, it doesn't function like mine. The important thing is that they function," he repeats and sums it up again. "Novelty is not of interest to me, and as for luxury . . . what use has it if the lighter doesn't function?"

"Lord," you think, "when is he going to put the silly little thing

away? After all, what is he so proud of? He's lit a cigarette. I've done it ten thousand times myself."

But is resentment ever impersonal? Or justice quite as blind and abstract as one might hope it to be? In fact, you have in your watch pocket one of the most magnificent lighters ever created. It's crafted of gold and your initials are inscribed with a veritable galaxy of precious stones. In a word, it is luxury itself—or was until you submitted it to the care of a repairman in Madrid. Now it will have to spend at least a month with the original manufacturer before it ever gives fire again.

He's put his device away by then and is trying to tip ash from his cigarette by tapping on the holder. But the ash won't shake loose, you notice with silent satisfaction. Then he taps it again, a little harder, and the entire cigarette topples out and falls upon his lap.

"*Por Dios*!" his wife exclaims.

He scrabbles about in his lap and succeeds in snatching it up. He refits it to the holder, slaps ashes from his soiled and wrinkled trousers, and glares furiously at his woman.

"What's the matter with you?" he cries. "Don't get yourself so nervous."

Then he looks challengingly about the compartment but sees only grave faces and averted eyes. His wife has already returned to staring out the window and to deriving what satisfaction she can from the hair in her center mole.

"Ugly as she is," you think to yourself, "she probably has a lover." And soon you feel a little better.

The other passengers talk desultorily, thumb through a copy of *La Marca,* or stretch their arms wide to read a copy of *Ya* that circulates among them. There's one thick-set man of peasant aspect who never interrupts the others, but always awaits a moment of silence before he talks. He starts conversations by asking a question and speaks always very formally to no one in particular.

"What time do we arrive in Salamanca?"

The *fumador* whips his head left and looks down his nose at the peasant. He classifies him carefully through his thick spectacles, puffs superficially upon the cigarette, and only then does he deign to answer.

"We arrive at three o'clock."

"I thought it would be near five o'clock," the thick-set peasant answers.

"Nonsense! Three o'clock. Are you telling me! I make this trip all the time. My wife and I make it together. We have to go to Madrid often for my business."

("It's scheduled to arrive at three," your travel agent has told you. "But don't count on arriving much before five, or perhaps a little after."

"But why five?"

"Because that train always arrives at five."

"If it always arrives at five, why does the timetable say three o'clock?" you cried.

"Ah, because three o'clock is when it's scheduled to arrive," he explained, with all the imperturbable patience brought to bear by one born in Spain upon one who has not had that honor.)

"This is the first time we make this trip," the peasant speaks apologetically and indicates his wife, "but in Madrid they told us that the train would arrive at five o'clock."

His wife nods solemnly, but does not speak. She has a face like an aged Cheyenne squaw.

"That is incorrect!" snaps the *fumador*. "We arrive at three o'clock. I make this trip all the time. All the conductors know me. I even have a kilometric ticket up there in my bag." He waved his cigarette up over his head at the baggage rack. "I have to make this trip very often because I go to Madrid on business matters. Matters of business," he repeats, obviously savoring the phrase.

"In Madrid," mumbles the peasant rather weakly, "they told us at five."

"They were mistaken," says the *fumador*. "Is it not so?" he asks his wife.

"Of course," she says placidly. "He was misinformed."

"Three o'clock! My wife and I make this trip all the time. All the conductors know us."

Twice, even three times, you've almost intervened, but you restrain yourself. "How much more crushing to wait until three and let him find out we're still two hours from Salamanca." And you sit in your corner, pleased as a squirrel, hoarding and gloating over your little acorn of information.

Then the door to the compartment bangs open and the conductor steps in to punch tickets. He goes in strict order, from the door toward the window, doing your side first, then taking tickets from the opposite side. The last tickets he receives are those of the *fumador* and his wife.

The *fumador* thrusts them out. "Good morning," he says, smiling.

"Good morning," the conductor mumbles, looking down at the tickets. "I see you have a kilometric ticket."

"As always," he answers, "as always. We make this trip so often, my wife and I, that it is to our advantage to take a kilometric ticket."

"You will have to show me your booklet, Señor," says the conductor very rapidly, without looking at the *fumador*.

"Yes, yes," he smiles again. "We have our booklet up above in the suitcase."

"You will have to show me your booklet, Señor," the conductor repeats.

"Do you mean that you want me to go up and get it?"

"Well, of course. Unless it knows how to come down by itself."

The *fumador* is no longer smiling. He gets up grumbling and puts one foot on the seat cushion to climb up to the baggage rack.

"Señor," says the conductor sharply. "Please. Do not place your shoes on the seat cushion."

The man removes his foot quickly and looks at the conductor. The conductor waits for several moments with his lips puckered ironically before he speaks again.

"What is it?" he asks. "Is it that you are not going to show me your booklet? Or what is it?"

The wife fumbles in her pocketbook for a handkerchief and spreads it upon the seat for her husband. He mounts on it and gropes through his suitcase, while the conductor snorts through his nose impatiently and stares out the window, all the while tapping the ticket punch against the palm of his left hand. The man finally locates a green folder inside his suitcase and hands it down. The conductor glances at it briefly, without opening it, punches the tickets, and hands them back. Then he leaves the compartment, slamming the door shut behind him.

After the door is shut the man gets down from the seat, blinking angrily behind his glasses.

"Idiot," he says. "Cretin. Imbecile." He looks about defiantly.

"Pepito," his wife croons.

"He's an idiot," the man repeats.

"Pepito," his wife insists. "Do not get yourself furious. He is an authority."

"I do not care what he is. He is an imbecile. A cretin."

"Pepitooo," his wife cooes with her lips pursed.

"Leave me alone." He shrinks back against the seat cushion. "Leave me in peace."

The woman reaches down into a straw basket at her feet and takes out a banana. Her husband is staring out the window and mumbling, his loose mouth pouting sulkily. She peels a banana and removes a last piece of the inner skin. She looks at him shrewdly and pushes the banana at his worried mouth.

"Here," she says. "Eat yourself a banana." He pushes her hand away.

"Come," she urges. "Eat yourself a banana and you will feel better."

He looks at the banana out of the corner of his eye and continues sulking.

"Come," coaxes his wife. "Come Pepito. Eat."

Pepito nibbles at the banana, moving his lips sullenly, while his wife holds it up to his mouth. When it's all gone his wife throws the peel under the seat.

"He's an idiot," Pepito mumbles with his lips pursed.

"Of course he is," his wife answers, stroking the back of his swollen hand.

You look about the compartment to share an ironic smile, but everyone is staring down at his feet or staring down at the floor. No one is looking at Pepito and all the conversation has stopped. You almost laugh aloud. "Where's the tragedy?" you want to ask. "He's only a silly little man."

But the compartment is, nonetheless, filled with gloom.

You shrug impatiently, take up a book, and try to read. The jabbering prevented you from reading before; the silence prevents you now. You snap the book shut and stare at the landscape for a time.

"Oh, damn Spain," you think, "and damn this Spanish awk-

wardness." And you think of Italian grace or perhaps you think of France.

Still no one says a word. You look at your watch. You look at your watch five more times and half an hour has passed.

"It serves him right. It's what he deserves for staking the world on a trifle."

But the mourners continue sitting shoulder to shoulder and staring down at their feet. The compartment has turned into a ten man wake over the dignity of a fool.

His wife is watching him anxiously and stroking the back of his hand.

"This is getting positively unbearable," you think, "and we don't reach Salamanca till five. Or perhaps a little after."

You look at his awkward hands and at the stains upon his jacket. He's actually rather a small man and his glasses are extremely thick. You shake your head, annoyed with your sentimentality, but the gloom is too much to bear.

You take out your cigarettes, foreign cigarettes, and offer one to Pepito, but he's too despondent even to refuse.

You take one for yourself and you hesitate. Then you see his wife reach down for another banana and . . . yes, you put your fingers into your watch pocket and fish out your golden lighter.

You click it twice and nothing happens.

You click it three times and Pepito stirs.

His wife puts the banana up to his mouth and you click your lighter again.

"Eat it yourself, woman!" cries the *fumador,* slapping her hand aside.

Then a metallic noise, distinctly audible over the flacking sounds of the train, and he thrusts his lighter toward you as though igniting the Olympic flame.

"That's a very pretty lighter you have there," he tells you after you've thanked him. "It's very luxurious."

"It's luxurious, all right," you admit, "but it doesn't function properly."

"Mine, on the other hand, doesn't look like much, but there's one thing I like about it."

"And what is that?" you ask him.

"Why, it never fails to function!" declares the *fumador.*

And soon everyone is jabbering again and passing *La Marca* or *Ya.* At one point the peasant's wife actually smiles. Even the train outdoes itself and arrives at half past four.

Two Gardens

By JACK MATTHEWS

There are two gardens;
one seen and one spoken,
one breathed and one heard.
In the two gardens are two meadowlarks;
one discovered, one figmented . . .
and each is each.

Swiftly, one garden is gone,
carrying its black-bibbed lark,
both of it, in a kind of breeze which blows
upon the memory, bringing odors
of one garden, one garden, one garden,
softly becoming one.

Where is the real garden we long for?
It flutters before us like a swift wing . . .
we see it only at the edges of its arc.

Such suddenness in the interchange of gardens—
such beauty in the word, the sound
of meadowlark upon a twig slender
as midnight, quivering the damp green leaves.

Hear

By JEANNETTE NICHOLS

Hear.
I say it
As peacefully
As the sea
Secretly says pebbles,
As over the sands
The wind
Says mountains.

Hear.
Said as clearly,
As slowly
As roots say the earth,
As the cavern brook
Says the running darkness.

Hear.
I say it
As carefully
As my night's imagining
Fits its mouth
To the moon's face.

Hear.
Walking up the alleys
Of anger, hear,
Walking among dreams
Your hands fall through.
My saying
Will fit its tread
Quietly beside yours.
Hear.

JEANNETTE NICHOLS, a native of New Haven, Connecticut, is a staff member of the Graduate Program in City Planning, Yale University. She has published poetry in *The Saturday Review*, New York *Herald-Tribune*, *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Pegasus*, and other poetry journals, and was awarded a scholarship in poetry at the 1959 Breadloaf Writers' Conference.

For Grandfather Godsey (1829-1897):

The Mountain Grandfather

By EDWIN S. GODSEY

And were there bearded men who don't make sense?
Who fought the Yankees, voted—Clay had died—
Republican, sawed timber, roared, and forbade
Their children to play mumble-'e-peg o' Sundays?
Bless you, Grandfather. You rode clean across
The mountain to Virginia's Wilderness
And tasted sand until you sat so bony
Your bones cut through your buttock in the saddle
On the last spring ride home.
No. You don't scare
Us with your saber. We the logical
Have hated little. We have loved the hawks
Swinging at Tinian or Berchtesgaden,
Have pledged our pesos, rubles, yen, and pence
For Rex, a covey of birds, an orchard fence.

A native of Virginia, EDWIN S. GODSEY now teaches English at Vanderbilt University and is working toward his doctorate at Yale.

For Grandfather Corns (1852-1936):

The Puritan Grandfather, Southwest Virginia

What were you dreaming when you memorized
Paradise Lost? (Your daughter Lynnie tells it.)
Did you, grave, cloudy grandsire, fume and spit
Cobpipes of Heaven's wars at firelight? late prized
Eden till midnight? Chaos realized
In burley smoke? and a dottle of Hell? Nitwit,
Didn't you know Chaos and epic fit
Might send your child to bed quite mesmerized?
And she still sleeps, fleeing the baleful nightmare.
But I do not dream I fly away. I do.
I have climbed higher than a Puritan.
I have winged down on valleys from bright air.
I have wheeled over where the roots go through,
Where your stained skull compounds with earth and rain.

The Women Who Watch Me

By LARRY RUBIN

The women who watch me I know: the waitress
Whose grandson died in her arms, gurgling
Melodies that she had never heard,
And now she thinks I surely know one tune.
The widow who rents her vacant rooms, dreaming
Of the young man sleeping overhead
Who could never love her more than he could love
His mother (my mother's hair was soft and warm).
And all the little girls whose swings I pushed
Higher and higher until their squeals were blown
Among the birds—who trembled at my stories
About the witches in the forest and
Their homes of gingerbread, then jailed me with
Their arms.
Yes, the women who watch me I know—
The pink and the pearl. Somehow the golden nymphs
Are lost like noon between the dawn and dark.

In addition to poetry in a variety of magazines, LARRY RUBIN has published articles on modern fiction, had a story in *New Campus Writing No. 2*, and has completed a novel. He teaches English at Georgia Institute of Technology.

Winesburg Revisited

By JOHN H. SULLIVAN

■ Since Sherwood Anderson's novel, *Winesburg, Ohio*, appeared in 1919, "Winesburg" has traditionally been a name symbolizing small town America—almost as much, perhaps, as the "Main Street" of Sinclair Lewis. But while it is generally known that *Main Street* was written about Sauk Centre, Minnesota, few are aware that Winesburg, too, exists in fact. Although the realistic tales of small town people which comprise *Winesburg, Ohio* are fictional creations of Anderson's powerful imagination, there is little doubt that Winesburg is Clyde, Ohio, a hamlet 100 miles southwest of Cleveland where Anderson spent the major part of his boyhood.

The scenes and people he had known in Clyde seem to have stamped themselves indelibly upon his memory, for they were to find their way into his work throughout the span of his writing career. Again and again Anderson's imagination was to turn back to the town as he attempted to recapture the era into which he had been born. Besides *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), perhaps his best known book, Anderson wrote three other novels set in Clyde-styled small towns: *Windy McPherson's Son* (1916), *Poor White* (1920), and *Tar, A Midwest Childhood* (1926). Direct references to the place Anderson always considered his home town are contained in *A Story Teller's Story* (1924), his *Notebook* (1926), and his *Memoirs* (1942), this last work presenting the most comprehensive and truthful picture of Anderson's Ohio youth. In addition, the memory of Clyde is re-created in parts of *Dark Laughter* (1925), *The American County*

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Fair (1930) and *Home Town* (1941), and in any number of short stories.

Yet Clyde has largely forgotten Sherwood Anderson. Today, nineteen years after his death, few townspeople know who Anderson was, and even fewer care. Seemingly oblivious of the fact that a noted writer sprang from their town and immortalized it in American literature, they have made no effort to commemorate their native son in any way, or even to acknowledge that he once lived among them.

Several persons in town will take the trouble to deny that Clyde is Winesburg. They may point out that there is a real Winesburg, Ohio, in the south-central section of the state. There is, however, strong evidence that Anderson never heard of the tiny hamlet until after the publication of his book, when the people there released an impassioned and, for Anderson, embarrassing roar of outrage. Clyde residents may point to Camden, Ohio, a small town southwest of Dayton which has a sign identifying it as Anderson's birthplace. Since the Anderson family moved from there shortly after Sherwood's birth in 1876, and the author never returned until 1934, however, there is little likelihood that Camden held many memories for him. Or perhaps they will cite Elyria, Ohio, where Anderson managed a small paint factory for several years, as the setting of the novel. But Elyria even then was a city, not the small town Anderson describes in *Winesburg, Ohio.*

The facts are plain. Besides parallel geographical positions in Ohio—both towns are southwest of Cleveland, north of Tiffin, and not far from Medina County—Anderson's description of Winesburg is striking similar to Clyde. The main thoroughfare of both is Main Street. In the real town of Anderson's day and in the fictional one, there was a Heffner block of store buildings and a Sinning's Hardware. In *Winesburg, Ohio*, Anderson wrote of Ransom Surbeck's pool room, while Clyde has its Ransom Surbeck's cigar store.

A Clyde nurseryman named French became a Winesburg nurseryman named Spaniard. Jesse Benton, the town's original settler and a legendary character in the Clyde area, emerged as Jesse Bentley, protagonist of the tale, "Man of God," in *Winesburg, Ohio.* "Skinny" Letson, a telegrapher in Clyde during the 1880's, had his name altered to Leason at the last minute before publication when

Anderson crossed out the original name on the *Winesburg* manuscript and inserted the other.

Although he wrote principally about its less happy side in *Winesburg, Ohio*, Anderson always remembered Clyde as a "fair and sweet" town. In his *Memoirs* he mentions with nostalgia its many little white houses and the great spreading maples which line the winding streets of the small residential section. Today, cars and trucks have replaced the buggies and wagons Anderson knew, the hitching posts are long gone from Main Street, and many of the frame stores are fronted with brick, but the white frame houses and the spreading maples of Clyde look much as they must have in 1889 when the boy Anderson ran through the streets.

Behind the thin facade of modernism lies a way of life little changed from Anderson's day. Few cars turn off country-spanning U.S. Route 20—known to Anderson as the Maumee Pike—into Clyde's business district, leaving the town what it has always been, a drowsy farming community. Business in the town depends principally on local farmers who do their banking and buying there. On Saturday, Clyde is crowded with men, women, and children from the surrounding area who have come to shop, visit the lone movie house, and gather on street corners or in stores to talk and gossip.

Industry in the town is no longer limited to the Elmore bicycle works (now a cutlery factory) where the youth Anderson was employed for a time. Both porcelain and washing machine plants are now located there, but with no appreciable increase in population. Clyde was close to 4,000 inhabitants in Anderson's day; today it is only a few hundred larger.

If Anderson could again visit the town of his boyhood, the change which would perhaps strike him most would be the lack of railroad activity. In the 1880's three railroad systems ran through Clyde and fourteen trains a day stopped at its station. When he was in his early teens, Anderson met all trains, hawking the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the Toledo *News-Bee*. In his *Memoirs* he recalls the station as a "magnet that continually drew our people." Today that station is almost deserted. There have been no passenger trains through Clyde for twenty-two years and the remaining freight business is small.

Coon Creek, where Anderson learned to swim, is now only a trickle. Ames Woods, where he and the baseball team he managed went to drink beer and sing bawdy songs after games, is pasture-land. But McPherson cemetery, named after the Clyde Civil War general buried there, has hardly been disturbed. It was there that the young Clyde rakes, including Anderson, made love to the town's less respectable girls.

The house at 127 Spring Street in which the Anderson family is said to have lived for a time is badly in need of paint and repair, but still stands. The people who live there now are typical of most of the townsfolk—they know nothing of Anderson. In fact, the only man in Clyde who truly knows and cares about Sherwood Anderson is Herman Hurd, his boyhood companion and lifelong friend.

Hurd, now eighty-four years old and the owner of a Clyde grocery opened by his grandfather in 1828, is mentioned by Anderson in his *Memoirs* as "my closest friend Herman." Recounted there too is a meal eaten at the Hurd family table at which Herman's father, "a kindly grey-bearded grocer," filled young Sherwood's plate again and again over his polite but feeble protests. The youthful Anderson seems to have loved and respected the elder Hurd, recalling him in the *Memoirs* as the town agnostic, "one who had his own notions of God." For varying lengths of time throughout his boyhood and young manhood Anderson stayed with Herman on the Hurd family farm not far from Clyde.

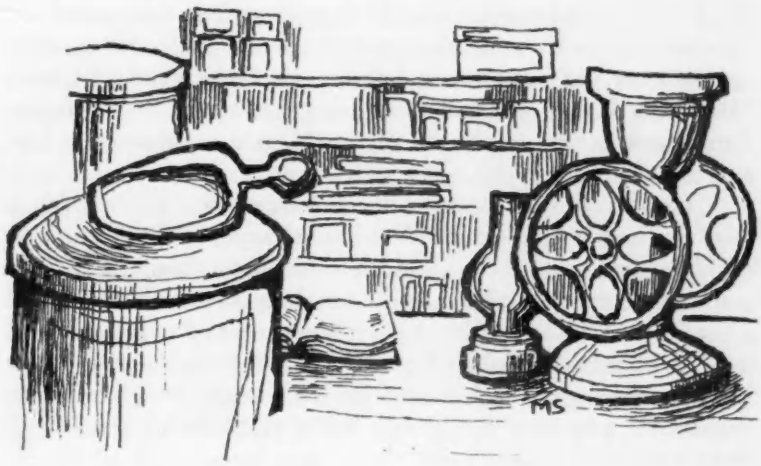
Today, Herman Hurd is a stooped, grey-haired old man with lively, laughing eyes that dart sagely between bristling eyebrows and a pair of rimless spectacles worn low on the bridge of his nose—a Norman Rockwell picture of a small town storekeeper. A genial

fellow, now living in semi-retirement, he still remembers Anderson well and willingly talks to visitors of their boyhood together.

"The two of us had many adventures and pulled quite a few pranks," he said not long ago, a nostalgic smile lighting his seamed face. He remembered swimming in the raw with Anderson at Coon Creek and racing him in horse and buggy to Fremont, Ohio, over nine miles of rough stone roads. The love of horses and racing was a lifelong predilection with Anderson; even as a successful author he sometimes regretted that he had not become a sulky driver.

Hurd also recalled a day's excursion to Vermilion, a resort town on Lake Erie not far from Clyde. "A bunch of us fellows were on the lake in a boat when the last train home pulled into the Vermilion station," he recounted. "We pulled for shore in a hurry, jumped out, and ran for the train, leaving Sherwood behind to tie up the boat. He yelled after us, 'Hey, ain't you guys goin' to help me carry some of this stuff?' We all figured we'd left something, so we went back. All he had to bring was his hat!"

According to Hurd, who played shortstop, Anderson was made manager of the Clyde Stars baseball team because of his winning personality rather than any athletic prowess. "He couldn't have caught a ball to save his life," the old man chuckled, "but we hated to leave him behind because he was so entertaining."



Anderson's father, Irwin, was the object of much of Sherwood's writing and was the prototype of Windy McPherson in *Windy McPherson's Son*. Anderson's savage portrait of him there is bitter with resentment because of the man's supposed irresponsibility, drunkenness, and infidelity to Anderson's mother. Hurd had recollections of the elder Anderson as a shiftless but likeable fellow. "He was quite an entertainer, besides being a sign painter," he said. "He told funny stories, usually the no-ladies-present kind. His drinking embarrassed Sherwood, but they seemed to get along all right. They worked together at sign painting for a while, you know.

"Sherwood also worked here for my father, driving a delivery buggy," he added with pride. Glancing around his narrow, dimly-lighted store, Hurd commented that it still looked much as it had when Anderson was running errands there. A hand coffee grinder in the corner, an ancient telephone on the wall, and a knot of men gathered in the rear of the store exchanging town talk were witness to his words.

Hurd stressed ambition as the principal characteristic of the boy Anderson. During his teens, Sherwood worked as newsboy, errand boy, cow-driver, water boy, stable groom, and printer's devil, as well as assisting his father in whatever was the enterprise of the moment. Because he was constantly on the run, the townspeople nicknamed him "Jobby."

His many occupations resulted in erratic school attendance, and after the age of eleven he was regularly absent. Hurd, with an effort to remember, did recall him as a classmate for a year in high school. "He was a pretty good student," he said, "always reading. Just give him a book and he was lost to the world—you could shout at him and he'd never hear."

Hurd recalled Anderson as a handsome boy with "big, black eyes" and many girl friends. He admitted being somewhat jealous of him at times, but declined to comment on the romantic triangle said to have existed between Anderson, himself, and Jenny Baker, a local belle. While in his late teens Anderson is said to have courted her, but she refused to marry him. Not long after, she married Hurd. The old storekeeper's only remark on the situation was that it had happened a long time ago; Jenny Baker Hurd died a number of years ago.

"To most folks around here, Sherwood Anderson was just a poor boy who lived in Clyde for a while," Hurd said, explaining the town's apathy toward its native son. "The only time he really got any attention was when he came back from the Spanish-American War in 1899. Folks here gave him a hero's welcome even though he hadn't done any fightin'. We lived together that summer on my father's farm. When he left in the fall to go to school in Springfield, I sure missed him a lot."

Although Anderson never returned to Clyde to live after 1899, he visited quite frequently, principally to see his friend of boyhood. "He had no other friends in town," Hurd said.

Even the publication of *Winesburg, Ohio* didn't stir Clyde much about Anderson, Hurd remembered. Not many people in town read the book. He did and liked it. "I recognized a lot of the places and people he was talking about," he said. "As I recollect, my wife and one of the Winters girls were in *Winesburg*, but I don't remember what characters they were."

Hurd feels that the Clyde of the 1880's was not actually as depraved as Anderson sometimes portrayed it. "He always had a vivid imagination. It's just a case of writin' about real people in an exaggerated way." But he stands up for Anderson when people call him an immoral character. "Sherwood wasn't that kind of a fellow at all; he was a fine man," Hurd insists.

But most of the townspeople who know something of Anderson don't see it Herman Hurd's way. In the offices of the weekly *Clyde Enterprise*, where Anderson worked for a time, John Jackson, the present editor, said, "My mother knew Anderson and didn't like him. Sherwood never had much standing in this town. People who knew him as a boy thought he'd never amount to much, and in the estimation of most, he never did. That's why we've never made a fuss over him."

Jackson said a number of persons had come to the newspaper inquiring about Anderson since his death in 1941. "*Life* magazine had a little girl around here for about a week ten or so years ago, doing a story on him," the lanky editor drawled, "and we ran a piece about it, but that's the last time we mentioned Anderson. Folks aren't much interested in him."

In the local library where Anderson's books were once banned

as obscene, Sarah Kidman, the prim, grey-haired librarian, reluctantly pointed out a shelf where his works now stood. "We don't have them all, but we *do* have some," she said warily. "I'm not saying whether I've read his books or not. I've been misquoted about that before."

Reluctant to give her opinion of *Winesburg, Ohio*, she finally snapped, "I don't like Anderson. I just don't care to say any more. He made everything seem . . . well . . . dirty."

This attitude seems prevalent among those few people who are aware of Anderson and his books about Clyde. They generally believe he poked fun at them and in some nebulous way disgraced the town. In any case, they are not willing to acknowledge him as their own.

Frank Farrar, the former head of the now-defunct Clyde Merchant's Association, is a short, dynamic man who owns a modern shoe store on Main Street. He lamented that the town had never capitalized on the publicity value of Anderson—once he found out who he was. "We can't get people to do things like that here. I couldn't get enough dough from the merchants for Christmas decorations on Main Street. A memorial for this Anderson fellow would be out of the question. I came here in '27; when did Anderson leave town?"

A contrast to Clyde's coldness toward the memory of Sherwood Anderson is furnished by Camden, Ohio, the author's birthplace. The Anderson family moved from there, ultimately to settle in Clyde, when Sherwood was barely two. In all his books, Anderson mentions Camden but once, in *Tar, A Midwest Childhood*, and then only as a town he did not remember. Still to be seen there—evident sources of pride to the people of the town—are the house in which Anderson was born and the building which housed his father's harness shop. Stephen Coombs, a retired schoolteacher in Camden who corresponded with and knew Anderson slightly, said that it was the townsfolk, proud to have had a noted writer born in their midst, who were instrumental in having the state highway department erect a sign identifying Camden as the birthplace of Sherwood Anderson, "Famous Author." "You might say that it puts us on the map," he asserted recently, "and what town isn't glad for something like that."

But Clyde, Ohio, is not gladdened by Anderson's memory. There, in a town which he remembered always and celebrated in the pages of his books, Anderson is all but forgotten, and, it would seem, purposely so. In the whole of the town there is only one old man who still recalls the native son who put Clyde into literature. Someday soon he will die. With his death the last reminder that Anderson ever ran through its narrow streets will be effaced from the town. Sherwood Anderson may someday be remembered in American literature as the townsman from Clyde, but in Clyde he is almost sure to be forgotten.

Winged

By DIANA REED

This season
is no virgin
but a full lip
hanging down
ready for the cup as I rise
fat with life
like a dragon-kite
reaching
into Spring.

This is the first published poem of DIANA REED, who comes from Albany, New York.

Resurrection

By JOHN ENGELS

Came the drowning-point he was
After ashamed to have drawn
So quickly back, explaining that
His hand, about to plunge among the prawns,
Anticipated fire (mistakenly, of course.)
But fire it was. The scorpion-red
Animals had swarmed him like a flame
And nibbled away his voice into his head,
Tunnelled the tongue away, and left him dead.

Thank God he died so quickly!
It was some time later that he waked again,
In Market Place where he had fallen.
And it was night, the city filled with rain.
The shutters fell—we had gone home
To honor him (fish-fallen) and to breathe
The warm green of our supper's steam,
Thick claws tensing on the fire, unsheathed
For us. And we could not believe

It when he swam against the door,
Showed us his scars, and settled in.
God, we heard it all a thousand times
Or more, and from politeness let the fires thin
Away. The night rose deeper than his voice
And crested, splintering the bells and bones
Of our old town, and leaving scars along the stones
In Market Place for all the years our suppers cindered
And we watched our fires burn to whale bone.

JOHN ENGELS, who studied at Notre Dame, University of Iowa Workshops, and University College, Dublin, is now Instructor in English at St. Norbert College, De Pere, Wisconsin. He has published in a number of literary magazines.

Jessica Walking

By JOHN ENGELS

These first she takes to break her
Free again and know the lawn walks
Under her—tree-shade and pebble take her
Summer down the long dawns
To me, and the house-high wake her

Child-to-breath-to-breathing; I am done
With seeing her and waking her
To see up to a father-stepping sun
When sight is down and darks
The pebble towns; when sight was sun

Upon her from the yellow pillow
Light was up—she pebbled at the sky
Before the sleeping billowed
On her soft as grass to fall in,
Wall-blue, window-thin, and tall as willow

Shade; but long as I have lent her
Now she steps me faster than I see,
And it was child or fathering that bent her
Down to tree and grass and pebble from her bed,
And from the safe-won sleeping where I sent her?

Walk me from these first steps out of sun
And willow—child, my sight is down
And grass is where you learn to run
And turn me, step and stone, and sleep me
Into father for us waking out of one.

The Enemy

By SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

■ I was trained as a weather forecaster during the war. After my training, I was sent to various stations within the States, and, finally, overseas to England. The station to which I was assigned was near one of those odd west coast cities of the British Isles. The landscape was characterized by stunted, angular trees whose tops seemed to have been planed level by the perpetual wind sweeping in off the Irish Sea. The nearby city (whose name shall remain secret for personal security reasons) was a resort the likes of which I had never seen before nor expect to see again. I thought it strange to find an aquarium, a dance hall, and a library all in the same building. I still do.

The field was not one from which regular combat missions operated. It was a sprawling place with every conceivable aircraft used by the United States and the United Kingdom in evidence. Frankly, I had no clear idea what the field *was* used for. B-17s roared off the runways, to be followed by Lightnings or Spitfires. I signed dozens of clearances daily, all of them for short hops within the British Isles. No strain, no sweat. It was, as the British might say, all beer and skittles—until the major.

I do not remember the major's name. I wouldn't use it here if I did. So I will call him Major Rough. Although I had been at that weather station in England for several months, I had never before seen the major. He was not one of the pilots who regularly came into the weather station to pick up a clearance. He was, I was later

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SEYMOUR EPSTEIN's first published story appeared in the *Review* in 1954. He has since had three other stories on these pages, has published widely elsewhere, and his first novel, *Pillar of Salt*, was brought out by Scribner's in January.

to learn, interested in things other than flying. It was my bad fortune to be the forecaster on duty the first time he *did* come into the weather station.

It was a sunny day. I can remember that easily enough, since the kind of day it was turned out to be a perverse piece of evidence. I had just finished drawing a synoptic map, and I hung it up with more pride in my feeling for symmetry than in my knowledge of meteorology. There was really no need to trouble oneself about long-range forecasts with the teletype banging away continually, sending in half-hourly observations from stations so nearly contiguous that they could have shouted their conditions to each other. The usual number of pilots came in seeking weather clearance, and I checked them off for contact or instrument, depending on the conditions anticipated at their point of destination at the estimated time of arrival.

Some time in the early afternoon, the major entered the station. Now I will not say that my attitude toward officers was lacking in deference, but when the information you have to give elicits respectful attention from your superiors you get in the habit of leaning on the counter when you talk to them. I didn't exactly "lean" when the major came in, but there may have been a bit of looseness in my posture.

"Who's in charge here?" the major asked.

"I am," I must have answered, for he looked at me in the special way of officers short-changed on military courtesy. "Sir," I added.

"What's your name, Sergeant?"

I told him.

He then tossed on the counter the flight clearance he had held rolled in his fist.

"Then you filled in the weather on that," he said.

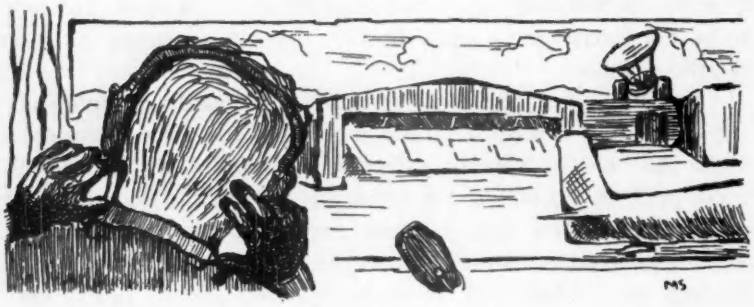
I looked at it, recognizing my handwriting immediately. "Yes, sir," I said.

"Since when's an enlisted man permitted to sign a clearance?" he asked.

The question, I thought, was more rhetorical than stupid. Displaying wings, the major should have known better. Probably did.

"Always, sir," I answered. "If he's a qualified forecaster."

"Are you?"



"Yes, sir."

All this may not have been the precise dialogue, but the approximation is close. Several things were going on in my mind at the same time. First, naturally, was that this major was burned up about something involving the weather clearance generally, and perhaps me in particular. Second, if some sort of conflict was in the air, I wanted to be just as agile as I could. That particular weather station was about the cushiest thing I'd landed since induction. Having, through no fault of my own, been made a specialist, I coveted my stripes and sinecures as greedily as the next one. Consequently, I made an effort to size up my man as keenly as I could.

Whatever my judgment may have been at the moment, all I can remember is the thick set of hands he placed on the counter. He wore a school ring on the usual finger. The rest is mere outline. Medium height, heavyset, a voice that suggested reserves of authority and physical power. Major Rough. I made up my mind then and there to backtrack, recant, apologize, ameliorate, do anything the muscular major's ego or rank required.

"How come you signed this clearance instrument?" he asked.

"Ah—just a minute, sir. . . ."

I picked up the clearance and studied it. It was for a flight going to a point in northern Scotland. I then consulted the weather map, the teletype reports, and glad lights danced in my head when I saw that my forecast was as impeccable as a West Point color guard. There was a cold front coming in, oriented in such a way that northern Scotland would be feeling it first. Stations in northern Ireland—and in Scotland too—were reporting lowering conditions. Estimating the time of arrival, that flight should head right into the

thick of it. Gathering these lovely confirmations like flowers for a bouquet, I made to present them to the major.

"What are instrument conditions?" he asked me, before I could open my mouth.

"Ceiling less than a thousand feet; visibility less than a mile," I returned.

"Any station along the route reporting such conditions?" he asked.

"Well, no, sir. . . ."

"Then how come instrument?"

"Well, sir, because I expect that such conditions will prevail when the flight gets to its destination," I answered.

"How do you know?"

"There's a cold front coming in—sir."

"Any stations reporting where the cold front has been?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"What do they report?"

I got the teletype reports from the North Ireland stations. Not one of the stations reported instrument conditions. But that—to a person at all familiar with frontal behavior in these parts—meant nothing. Fronts crossing the Irish Sea pick up a great assortment of muck and dump it on Scotland and England. It was clearly a case of forecaster judgment, and I doubt whether Field Marshal Montgomery would have argued with me. Still, I was determined to pour sweet reason over the major's strange truculence.

"You see, sir. . . ."

"I'd prefer a contact clearance," the major interrupted, peremptorily.

I should judge I had been in the army for over two years by then. I had never had a cross word with a drill sergeant, let alone an officer. The notion of taking issue with a major was a foreign to my soul as using a bayonet. On impulse, I picked up the clearance, ready to tear it up and type out another one to suit the major's convenience. I half-turned to carry this out when it occurred to me that the major had no more right to order me to do this than I had the right to do so against my better judgment. I turned back again, thinking him now more a fool than a heavy. My thinking so sud-

denly stripped him of rank and presented him as a specimen of nastiness: the lifelong bully who had taken it into his mind to twist my arm. Still, he had the leaf, and I the stripes. . . .

"I'm afraid I can't do that," I said.

"Why not?"

"We're not allowed to change forecasts," I simply said, failing to add "at some thick-headed major's behest."

"You can change your mind," he said.

"But I haven't changed my mind, sir," I said. "That front *is* coming in. If the major would care to take a look at this weather map. . . ."

The major didn't care to look at the weather map. The major apparently cared only to stare me down. I had absolutely no desire to oppose this man. If anything, I would have risked a sizable portion of self-contempt to oblige him. But it was quite obvious that he didn't want to be obliged. He wanted to be obeyed—and obeyed in a mindless, intimidated way. I hadn't the slightest idea why. As an exercise in "chicken," it was too unprovoked and pointless. It was also apparent that he knew too little about meteorology to be disputing the correctness of my forecast. I recall wondering whether fate, in the person of the major, was moving in on my thus-far halcyon army career.

The major then picked up the clearance and rolled it into his fist again.

"Who's your commanding officer?" he asked me.

"Captain Jones, sir."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir. He's on a three-day pass."

Truthfully, I did know where Captain Jones was. He was in town, advancing to satiety his affair with a Scottish Air Force girl.

Major Rough looked at me very steadily. I can't say that I remember his hard blue eyes boring into me. I couldn't vouch for the color of his eyes. But what has stayed with me is the stunning effect of being made the object of a cold, impersonal hatred. Not hatred for me because of my character, my sense of humor, my long history of violence and slander against Major Rough and all his kind. Nothing of the sort. Such human hatred ends with a knife in the heart. But it *ends*. The major's look, however, conferred on

me a statistical death, and because there was neither passion nor expiation involved there could just as well have been a million of me.

Without another word, the major walked out of the station.

It must have been no more than fifteen minutes after that a lieutenant strolled in. He was a short, slight Southerner who had been in earlier that morning.

"Pretty raunchy out there, huh?"

"Where?" I asked.

"Up north, Scotland way. Some kind of front?"

"Was it for you Major Rough wanted that contact clearance?" I asked.

The lieutenant smiled and shook his head slowly. "Man, talk about *mad*. I *mean*. . . . Not exactly for me," he went on. "I'm checked out on instruments. I guess it was for those twelve P-47 boys. They don't navigate too good. I was supposed to mother a flight of them up to Scotland. The major sure wants those planes up there in a hurry."

"Why?" I asked.

"He's buckin'."

My face must have expressed perplexity. He explained it to me.

"The major's in charge of repairing all planes and pushing them outen here just as fast as he can. Every load of planes outen this station is a feather in his cap. He sure don't like them sitting on the ground for a little thing like weather."

"But what's the use of sending out a flight if they may never reach their destination?" I protested.

The lieutenant held up his hand and shook his head. "You don't have to explain it to me, Sergeant. I *been* out there. I *know*. Man, when that stuff socks in over the Irish Sea, it gets right down on the deck. I mean right *down*!"

"What would happen if you took off with that flight and ran into zero weather?" I asked him.

"No telling. Those P-47s would scatter when they lost visual contact with the lead B-17. Some might make it back to base. Some might try a landing in the Dundee mountains."

"Do you think the major understood the risk?" I asked.

The lieutenant took a pack of cigarettes from his breast pocket and offered me one. "How's it look for tomorrow?" he asked.

"You mean he would have sent that flight out knowing the risk if I changed the clearance to contact?" I asked.

"No skin off his duff," the lieutenant said, " 'slong as *you* sign the clearance. . . . Sure hope we have a nice, sunny day tomorrow."

We did. Nice and sunny, just like the day before. The schedule called for me on morning shift again. I drew the morning map after studying the two maps which had been drawn between my last shift and this one. That cold front in Scotland had passed through, trailing east-west across the narrow part of England, never getting as far south as our station. Reporting stations in Scotland indicated light rain, but conditions remained on the contact side. Ceilings averaging one thousand feet; visibilities rather good, but down to a mile or less in rain. That front turned out to be fairly mild, but only a fool would have banked on it.

I am neither superstitious nor overly intuitive, but there have been occasions when a shadow of the future has crossed my inner field of vision. If what I suspected was going to happen *didn't* happen, I would have accepted it gladly, unquestioningly, without a second thought to my mistaken prophetic powers. That it did happen, however, had an inescapable logic and continuity. To have seriously hoped for anything else was childish illusion.

A disturbance over the North Atlantic usually brings in a series of fronts. My own past observations had taught me this. So that it was no surprise when I sat down to draw the morning map to find an exact duplicate of yesterday's situation. The reports sent in from weather scouting planes clearly marked the approach of another cold front. The wind directions, wind velocities, rain. Even the stations in northern Ireland mocked me with their overcast. I could also have guessed that none of the reports would be so categorically below contact conditions that the onus would be removed. It would be impossible to explain to the major that in areas other than reporting stations—the Irish Sea, for example—zero conditions might well have obtained.

Naturally I had thought a great deal about the major since yesterday morning. I had tried to build up a case of moral outrage against a man who would have knowingly risked the lives of over a dozen men to advance his own ambition, but I can't say I had this

purity of conscience to brace my nerves. The delinquency of the major's morals was certainly the "larger" issue—just as Spain was the larger issue, and concentration camps, and the murder of human dignity. But it was specifics that sent people to war. Specifically, I didn't like the major's attitude toward *me*. He had made it plain by his attitude that I was a mere obstacle, the nature of which was beneath curiosity. I minded his immorality and his arrogance, but most of all I minded his incuriosity. It cancelled me out as a person.

As I suspected would happen, the lieutenant came first into the station shortly after I had finished the synoptic map. He presented me with a clearance for the same destination as yesterday.

"How's it look?" he asked.

"Same as yesterday," I told him.

"Can't be *just* the same," he said. "It's gotta be a little better or a little worse."

The lieutenant's tone hinted that he too might be suspecting me of arbitrariness. I showed him the map, and the reports from the stations.

"Your baby," he said.

I had my choice. I could fill in the flight forecast for either contact or instrument conditions. It was really a toss of the coin. There were no stations reporting conditions below those necessary to contact flying. An instrument clearance would be a matter of pure forecaster judgment. It would also prevent the flight for another day, since fighter pilots—these, at any rate—weren't authorized to take a ship into instrument conditions.

"Tell you this," the lieutenant remarked, "if you can see your way clear to making that a contact clearance, I'd suggest you do it. You're going to have to have a pretty strong case this time."

I looked at my case and made up my mind. I said, "No matter which way you look at it, you'll be flying in front of it, or in it, or behind it. None of the three spots is healthy. I can't tell just how severe that front's going to be after it crosses the Irish Sea. Any point along the route, you're liable to run into zero conditions."

"You're the doctor," the lieutenant said.

I made out my flight forecast and checked the square under "Instrument."

Most of the morning went by, myself getting more and more

nervous with each passing minute. The day outside the weather station window shone with a bright, ominous clarity. Teletype reports from stations to the north remained adamantly constant, except for a slight pickup in wind velocities. I found myself pushing the minutes, hoping the major would stay away until after noon, when the next forecaster would take over. Then it would be the other guy's responsibility to change the forecast or defend it. At any rate, it would give the major another scapegoat. This, of course, was not to be. The major made his appearance shortly before twelve. His face offered me no encouragement, but it did settle the ferment in my stomach. Hate is a good anodyne for fear.

He took the clearance out of his pocket and stood there reading my flight forecast very carefully. This took no more than an eternity.

". . .'visibilities falling to less than a half mile in precipitation,'" he read aloud. He tucked the clearance back in his pocket and walked over to the window. "What's the visibility out there now?" he asked.

"Unlimited, sir," I answered, in a voice I could hardly be proud of.

"How would you know when the visibility is under a mile here?" he asked.

"We have check points, sir."

"Where are they?"

"That church steeple, in the direction you're looking, is one," I said.

"How far is it?"

We had a chart in the station which indicated the distance to all check points. I glanced at it and told the major the number of feet between the weather station and the church steeple.

"How do you know it's right?" he asked.

"The chart was here before I was, sir."

"Did you ever verify the distance?"

"No, sir."

The major then turned away from the window and walked out of the weather station. A motor starting up drew my attention to the window, and I was staggered by what I saw. There was a jeep out there, close by the station, and rigged to the rear of the jeep was a spindle of wire such as is used by the Engineering Corps. One

end of the wire was tied to the rain pipe. A corporal sat at the wheel of the jeep, the major beside him. The jeep moved slowly away from the station, playing out wire as it went.

"You bastard!" I said, in a whisper of wonderment. "You goddam silly bastard!"

The operation took about fifteen minutes. The next forecaster had come on duty by that time. The major hadn't given me an order to remain where I was, so I suppose I could have taken off without leaving myself open to court-martial. The impulse to run certainly hadn't left me, but another impulse was rapidly gaining ascendance. I filled in the next forecaster on what was happening.

"Why don't you beat it," he advised. "I'll just tell him that I can't change your forecast."

"He can yank me back here fast enough, if he wants to," I said. "Besides, I'm kind of fascinated."

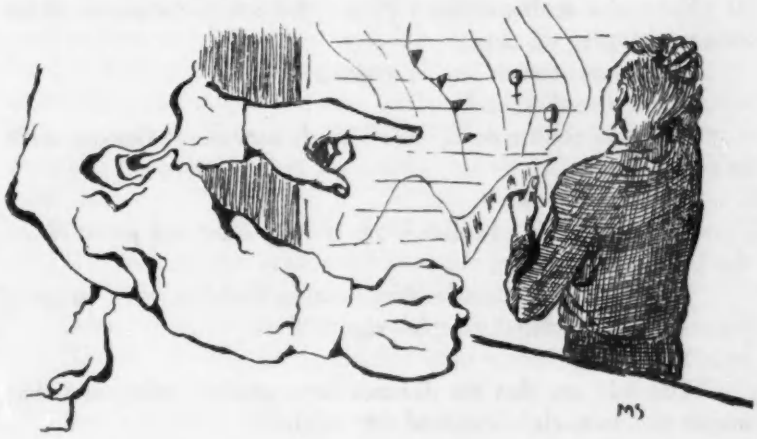
The major returned to the station with his next question all prepared. He didn't bother to tell me whether the check point distance was right or not.

"What's the ceiling here?" he asked.

"We don't have a ceiling, sir," I answered. "There are only scattered clouds at about four thousand feet."

(Was it only my imagination, or did my every remark have a tincture of the sarcasm and hostility I felt?)

"How do you figure four thousand?" he asked.



"Estimation, sir."

The major looked around the station and spotted the telephone. He went to it and called the control tower.

"This is Major Rough," he said. "I'm taking up one of the Cessnas for a ceiling check. Okay?"

Down went the receiver, out went the major, up went the Cessna. That operation consumed a half hour. I took the opportunity to run over to the mess hall for a quick bite. I was back before the major. Waiting for him, I experienced for the first time in my life the sensations of the hunted. I couldn't question his authority, just as an animal cannot question the authority of a man with a rifle. I had long since abandoned any hope of his relenting. It was perhaps this feeling of hopelessness which made me temporize with my own common sense. I found myself playing with the idea that the major was charged with some secret mission vital to the war, and here was I, a lousy, pencil-pushing sergeant, delaying mighty events with my clerk's mentality.

But I quickly recognized this piece of dream-sophistry for what it was: a longing to back away. No, the dear major was a son-of-a-bitch on ball-bearings, and he meant to nail my carcass to the weather station door if he could. He hated me as an obstacle. I hated him as a man. The right and wrong of it didn't seem to matter any longer. The only thing that mattered was that I give the major as bad a time as my intelligence could devise.

The major returned like a Panzer division, the muzzles of his enmity swinging on target.

"How many feet in a mile, sergeant?"

"About five thousand, sir."

"What do you mean 'about'? *Exactly* how many feet are there in a mile?"

"I don't know, sir."

The major took a notebook out of his pocket and jotted down this information.

"Now," he said, "you've been issuing forecasts here, judging distances by that church steeple—right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You told me that the distance between this station and that steeple was forty-eight hundred feet—right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're wrong. It's over five thousand feet. . . . You also estimated the base of the clouds to be four thousand feet—right?"

"I said *about* four thousand feet, sir."

"The base of those clouds was exactly thirty-six hundred feet. Your judgment is not good, sergeant. Would you agree to that?"

"No, sir."

"I say it's not good. I say you have no business in a weather station if you can't judge distances. Now I sent a clearance in here for weather, and you signed for instrument conditions." He took the clearance out of his pocket again and tossed it on the counter. "You're holding up a flight of P-47s with that clearance, sergeant. You better look at that map again and think about the flight conditions, because if those planes don't take off today I'm going to hold you personally responsible."

I went to the teletype machine, which was just sending in hourly observations from all over the British Isles. The stations to the north were still indicating solid overcasts with ceilings hovering around the one thousand foot mark. One station reported light rain, but its visibility was over a mile. The pre-frontal effects were evident, but I didn't have a single tangible report to substantiate my case.

I knew what the major intended to do. If I didn't give him that contact clearance, he would check on every reporting station between our field and the flight's destination for the next six hours. If instrument conditions didn't show up, he would made a noose of my six lovely stripes and hang me with it. I made a quick calculation of the time of flight and figured it to be no more than an hour. From the teletype reports, it appeared that the front might be no more severe than yesterday's. There was a chance that the flight could make it on contact conditions. Just a chance—and the air was fairly thick with chances.

I'm not sure what prompted my next question. I think it was a plea of conscience, but it sounded like pure presumption.

"Is this flight very important, sir?" I asked.

"That's none of your god-dam business, Sergeant!"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm afraid that front is coming in. One station is reporting light rain."

"Are you going to change that forecast?"

"Is that an order?"

The major went white and leaned toward me with a feral hunger. There was another enlisted man in the station. Any such order from him would have a witness. His hands on the counter, the major pushed back from the dizzying desire to kill me. Then he picked up the clearance, tore it into small pieces, and left the weather station.

I wasn't on schedule for the night shift, but I arranged with the man who was to take his place. The teletype reports over the last six hours held my fate just as surely as a jury in a murder trial. The strips of yellow paper with their five-figure groupings hung on a clipboard with impersonal deadliness. I took the clipboard and began to examine the reports hour by hour.

It was a feast of vindication. . . . Rain. . . . Heavy rain. . . . Thundershowers. . . . Ceilings of three hundred feet. . . . Visibilities less than a half-mile. . . . Wagnerian kettle drums! . . . Sweet justice!

The little lieutenant strolled into the station.

"How's it look for tomorrow?" he asked.

"Ought to be nice and clear up to Scotland," I said. "That front will have passed through."

"Sure as hell wasn't through this afternoon."

"What?"

"Right down on the deck over the Irish Sea," he said.

"Did that flight go out?"

"Sure did. Major filled in the weather himself. Contact. Didn't you see us take off?"

"No," I said. "I went back to the barracks."

"We took off, all right. Halfway there, I saw a solid wall up ahead, so I turned the flight right around and headed back. I'm sure glad you made your point, Sergeant. I might have tried to take it through."

The next time orders were cut, my name appeared. I was to report to Weather Headquarters for a new assignment. Alas, I am not adventurous. Familiarity pleases me more than strangeness. I had put down a few tentative roots at that field, and pulling them up caused me pain. For which I cursed the major, and the Star Chamber justice of rank-ridden institutions.

So I felt. I carried this wound of martyrdom to headquarters. While waiting there for my new assignment, I nosed around and finally cornered a corporal who had access to the files. . . . Yes, Major Rough had written a letter to the squadron C.O.

"What did he say?"

"Ah, come on, Sergeant. You know I can't let you see the letter."

"I don't want to see it. Just give me an idea what he said."

The corporal yielded. He slipped the letter out of the file and surrounded it like a knowledge-proud schoolboy during an exam.

"It says you got 'a quarrelsome, aggressive personality,'" the corporal quoted.

I do not think I am quarrelsome or aggressive. Neither then nor now. But the fact that the major thought so provides me with my only other military citation besides a good conduct medal.

First Light

By CARROLL ARNETT

You lay by the warm pool, sober:
air and its animals were still
drunk with the night before—
not a real thing around us.

First light was to be anticlimax:
yet no, everything there became
milk-gray. We stood up
as a black squirrel on a far-off

rock stopped his ceremony, winked,
and ran. Not sunlight then
but a spread haze, an omen
till I touched you. Then light.

CARROLL ARNETT teaches English at Knox College and has published poetry and prose in many of the literary journals.

The Riddle of Post-War France

By G. DE BERTIER DE SAUVIGNY

From one side of the Atlantic to the other, there is a game played regularly and with relish which we might call the game of portraits through distortion mirrors: "Hey, Sam, look at yourself in my mirror. What do you see?" "Hello, Marianne, old girl, have a look at your picture. Did you ever notice those wrinkles?" The latest of these portraits of Marianne is signed by Edgar S. Furniss, Jr.,[1] and I have been asked to criticize it.

In truth, two pens and two different inks are required as two quite different accounts could be given of it.

The first would warmly praise the magnitude of the inquiry, the objectivity and the moderation of the verdicts, the skill with which a hundred diverse elements ranging from economic statistics to mob psychology have been integrated into an acceptable synthesis. Nor should we fail to extol the merits of a style which is both humorous and pungent. For instance, the order of the day voted by the National Assembly in 1956, wisely making concessions to every group, is compared to "a bag of multicolored candy"; or, the remark that the young nationalists arrested in May of 1958 "bore as little relation to the actual conspirators as juvenile delinquents to members of Murder, Incorporated." And there are others, some even better. Briefly, then, it would suffice to say: Here is a solid contribution whose composition reveals a most promising talent.

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[1] *France, Troubled Ally: De Gaulle's Heritage and Prospects.* By Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper & Brothers, 1960. $5.75.

FR. G. DE BERTIER DE SAUVIGNY, Professor of History at the Catholic Institute in Paris, is the author of the recent *France and the European Alliance: The Private Correspondence Between Metternich and Richelieu* and *La Restauration*, which won the French Academy's Gobert Prize in 1956. The present review was translated by Roger L. Williams of the *Antioch Review* board of editors.

A eulogy of this sort, however, remains quite useless, and without doubt it would be worth more to open the inkwell of criticism, the one which contains vinegar instead of sugared water. It seems to me equally useless to scrutinize Mr. Furniss's text with a magnifying glass. As far as exactitude in factual detail is concerned, one really finds very few points to question[2]; but on the other hand, the total conception, from several points of view, seems to me to be contestable.

In the first place, the author's design seems too ambitious. He has sought to see everything, to include everything, both domestic politics with its thousand facets and the foreign situation with its many implications. Even with five hundred pages of densely-written text, he is beaten before he starts. He cannot help saying either too much or too little. Too much, for example, when he dwells on the problem of alcoholism or the problem of urban environment; too little when there is no account of the great wave of social agitation in 1947, which certainly was a serious barrier to economic recovery. His exposé of the final crisis of the Fourth Republic is indeed remarkable, one of the best that I have yet read; but its usefulness, as the principal theme of the book, is questionable. The analysis of the "system" which characterized the political instability under the Fourth Republic is also pertinent; but however serious it seems, it still gives only a reduced idea of the real degree of incoherence we had achieved. To make that understood, nothing short of a detailed recital of one of the prolonged crises would suffice: the maddening merry-go-round of premiers who had been presented, invested, had proposed a program, and then been turned out. He recalls men whose roles were important, but who remain mere names, purely algebraic factors unworthy of the space to describe them. Political alliances are mentioned whose significance is not made clear for us. One regrets that the author has not seen fit to replace certain electoral and economic statistics with diagrams or curves, which would have been more meaningful. Mr. Furniss, it seems, has tried to combine two possible approaches for a work of this kind: on the one hand an interpretive essay directed to well-informed readers; and on the other hand, a precise, thorough exposé of the fundamentals in the situation. The first could have been briefer; the second ought to have been much longer—in fact so long that it would have been necessary to abandon it. That is why Mr. Furniss' project seems to me to have been too ambitious, and why I should have preferred that he content himself with examining—in depth—one aspect of his vast subject.

The main theme being Franco-American relations, one would have

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[2]For example, the Czechoslovakian ship *Lidice*, seized off Oran, under Yugoslav registry (p. 217).

liked to see that topic treated as substantially as possible, the remainder appearing only as background, as explanatory material. But obviously, in order to do that, it would have been necessary to have available documents which are currently inaccessible to the public. Is it not useless to study this history today when the most essential sources, such as the correspondence between governments and their respective ambassadors, are not available to us? This consideration leads me to my second general criticism of Mr. Furniss' book. French university professors are always astonished by the tendency they find in many of their American colleagues to treat contemporary events as if they validly constitute historical material. Such enterprises strike me as fatally destined for failure; at least the results are so ephemeral that a book of this nature is dated from the moment it leaves the press. Here is one example to support this judgment which might seem quite severe: Mr. Furniss writes of General de Gaulle's notions of foreign policy beginning with his first government in 1944. But he has not been able to use what amounts to the basic document, namely the third volume of the General's *Mémoires,* where we read of the Chief of State's designs in all their grandiose unreality. Thus, when Mr. Furniss' book appeared in January, 1960, its value was already lessened, on a matter of extreme importance, by a work published the previous September!

The task for the historian working in a contemporary period, in my opinion, is to gather the evidence, to sort out the documents, even to construct provisional judgments, but on carefully confined points for which one can legitimately argue that, for all essential matters, the documentation is available. Economic issues, election analyses, and parliamentary attitudes of the various parties are examples. As for vaster syntheses, it would be wise to leave them to the historians of the future. We certainly have the right, meanwhile, to suggest provisional judgments, to put forward interpretations: but this is journalism and not history.

In the end, it appears to me that Mr. Furniss' book is as valuable from a journalistic point of view as it is questionable from a historical point of view.

Let us proceed, then, from the point of view of political journalism. His fundamental thesis, it seems to me, may be summed up as follows: Since the Second World War, American policy has continually overestimated the worth of the French alliance, while French policy has continually overestimated its possibilities. Neither policy has taken sufficient account of the internal weaknesses of France.

As a whole, this thesis is probably sound, and I should be even inclined to be more severe than Mr. Furniss is in regard to General de Gaulle's

lack of realism in 1944. Let us imagine, for instance, what might have happened had the General, crowned at that time with enormous pestige, preached a policy of no-nonsense to his countrymen, a policy of down-to-earth recuperation based on the work of domestic reconstruction. Would he not have been capable of directing France along a path from which she would have reaped fewer illusions? Perhaps. But de Gaulle would not have been de Gaulle had he been capable of shedding in a single shrug the convictions which had sustained him for four years—as one might put a military uniform away in moth-balls. Without the great man, his followers would have been able to be more realistic. (Actually, they have been more so than would be realized from statements directed to the gallery.) Once such premises were posed, in a period when everything was still in flux, it would have been very difficult to reverse the engine. Their margin of choice, as I shall indicate in a moment, was increasingly narrow.

On the other hand, I am not at all sure whether American policy has been wrong in overestimating the French alliance, not even certain that this orientation was based on the intellectual error of overestimating the strength of the ally. On the contrary, I believe that the United States could not have acted in any other fashion than she did, even when convinced that much of her initiative in favor of France would prove fruitless. To have acted otherwise would surely have been to play the game of Communism and would have encouraged immobilism: a risk she could not take, given this postulate which Mr. Furniss himself writes in conclusion to his study: "A Western Europe in which France plays a leading role is indispensable to the strength and vitality of the Free World."

Mr. Furniss, finally, attributes the inadequacies and the defeats in French foreign policy to the internal weaknesses of the nation. Certainly it is not wrong to say that the foreign policy of a state is conditioned by the strength of the means it has to implement the policy, in other words by its internal situation. But this common-sense axiom needs to be supplemented by another one: The more feeble the state, the more its policy is imposed from without. It seems to me that an insufficient account has been taken of those factors which do not at all depend upon the will of the French nation or of her governors. This omission, which helps account for the author's point of view, contributes finally to giving Mr. Furniss' book the aspect of being a sort of indictment, leaving his readers with the impression that the French should have been able to direct their destiny otherwise, and that one is right to reproach them for it.

To re-establish things in a juster perspective, it would perhaps be

useful here to pass in review the factors which, since the end of the war, have determined the foreign policy of France. These factors can be divided into two principal categories: domestic factors and foreign factors.

The first fall under the headings of politics, economics, psychology, and individuals.

Political factors: The most evident has been the weakness and instability of those in power. Of course, as has been often noted, the continuity of foreign policy has been less affected than might have been feared by the continual changing of governments. The Quai d'Orsay was seemingly the fief of one party for a long time, the M.R.P., and in any case, the successive ministers most often followed the line set down by the ranking professionals in the ministry, those who did not change. The evil was not so much there as in the tendency of governments to postpone decisions which could threaten the uneasy unity of the governing coalition. The necessity of finding compromises to hold together the various parties of the coalition led straight to immobility. The existence of a powerful Communist party was also bound to weigh on foreign policy. As long as this party had a seat in the government, France was inevitably tempted to look to the U.S.S.R. as an ally in reserve whose support could avoid a too complete submission to the will of the Anglo-Saxons. Even after the Communists had been eliminated from the government, their control of a large body of national opinion was bound to weigh on foreign policy: in a positive way by disposing the government to seize on the least indication of good will in the East to begin discussions; in a negative way by contributing to the instability of the political system reduced to a too narrow parliamentary base, by curbing the military effort in Europe and in the colonies, and by accentuating the distrust of the Western allies.

Economic factors: After the war the French economy was slow to recover, and for a long time the nation was obliged to count on American credits to avoid bankruptcy and ruin. In consequence, the nation's foreign policy found itself in a state of dependence as humiliating as it was inevitable. This economic weakness, reflected in the budget for the armed forces, prevented France from taking the effective leadership of the West European states, to which she aspired, and from maintaining her position in the rest of the world.

Psychological factors: A fraction of the governing élite—truly a smaller number than General de Gaulle's caution would suggest is the case—has managed to remain haunted by its memories and by historic culture, haunted by an idea of French greatness poorly adapted to present realities. Another fraction, larger without doubt, was rather tempted on

the contrary to retreat into a detachment made of cynicism, weariness, and discouragement. The former promoted ambitious airs, the latter refused the heroic efforts which would have been required to support even a less ambitious program. Other psychological factors—those reactions of a more emotional than rational nature—were noted in public opinion and varied in intensity according to the moment; fear of war, fear of sovietization, fear of a German military revival, and fear of American colonization. It is quite impossible to say in what measure these different currents of opinion have been able to influence the foreign policy of the country, all the more as these tendencies—through their contradictions—have tended most often to cancel each other out.

The temperaments of the statesmen, finally, were bound to influence the foreign policy; if not its direction, at least its conduct and its style. First, obviously, de Gaulle. Then Bidault with his talent for masking weakness with brilliant formulas; Schuman, prepared by his origins to launch the Franco-German rapprochments; Mendès-France with his "drive," his determination to get results at any price; Edgar Faure with his genius for compromise; Pleven, the reed painted to look like iron; Guy Mollet, the iron bar painted to resemble a reed. Each one has been able in his own manner to color a policy which he was unable to choose freely, but which, by bending here or there, could be retarded or speeded in development.

All these contingencies, specifically French in nature, have been studied at length by Mr. Furniss, and his work affords abundant illustrations of the above points. Let us now consider the foreign factors, that is to say, those which are beyond the control of the governing officials and the nation.

First, some general matters which influence the policies of France's partners as well as her own policy. The most permanent, the most obvious, is the one which results from geography. By reason of her central position in Western Europe, it will always be impossible for France to isolate herself in some neutral fashion, as in the case of Sweden, no matter how much she may wish it. Similarly, without France there is no Western coalition, and no amount of diplomatic magic can alter such a fact. The rhythm of scientific and technological progress is another general factor. The serious matter of atomic energy, of its military use, is the most obvious example. Another is the importance of petroleum, which has necessarily affected French foreign policy.

In the political domain alone, the fundamental fact obviously is the cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union. Albert Camus

expressed a fact evident to all when he wrote, in *Combat* on May 7, 1947: "The only urgent problems of our century are those which relate to the accord or the antagonism of these two powers." The threat of a Communist conquest has weighed more heavily than any other factor on France's decisions, forcing her to swallow what was most repugnant: the rearmament of Germany; forcing her to abandon the role of a mediating Third Force between East and West and to align herself with the Americans in the heart of NATO. Having noted earlier the economic dependence of France upon the United States, we find also a military subjection. Like it or not, France was obliged in basic matters to bend to Washington's will, even when that insistence was deeply wounding—as in the Suez affair.

Another foreign factor nearly as important: The rise of Asiatic and African nationalism. The war in Indo-China, the drive for independence by the old colonies of Black Africa, the North African problem in its three terms: Morocco, Tunisia, and Algeria; so many factors which have heavily burdened French policy since 1944. Not to speak of Egypt!

Besides the United States and Russia, two other countries have had their part in influencing French policy: Great Britain and Germany. A glance at Franco-British relations shows strange fluctuations and contradictions. Like the Americans, the British have been conscious of the absolute need to have a strong France at the heart of the Western Alliance, but we have seen them, first, work to block France's efforts to create a United Europe. Later, the attempts of British diplomacy to thwart, unsuccessfully, the birth of "Little Europe," the Six of the Common Market. A further contradiction: It was the most illustrious of British statesmen, Sir Winston Churchill, who launched the idea of a Franco-German rapprochement, and when that rapprochement began to take form, Great Britain did not hide her annoyance and anxiety. In the Near East, finally, after having thoughtlessly labored to eliminate French influence, she is suddenly only too happy to find in France an ally against the Egyptian dictator.

Germany has played an increasingly important role in French policy, at first a negative role as the object of fear or bitterness. Then, after the acceptance of German rearmament and the settlement of the Saar issue, a positive role as an increasingly valuable partner in the construction of Europe. To gauge the importance of this German factor, it sufficies to imagine for a moment what would have been the course of French policy in the presence of Germany analogous to the Weimar Republic, of a Germany without Adenauer and without Erhart, of a country prey to political instability and where economic recovery would have remained difficult.

Finally, at least on two occasions—the defeat of the European Defense Community and the success of the Common Market—French policy has been conditioned by the wishes of her partners, Italy and the Benelux countries.

How can French policy be fairly judged, how can its wavering and faltering be understood, if a single one of these factors be omitted? When one tries to see the situation in its entirety, one cannot fail the recognize that the latitude for maneuvering is oftentimes so narrow as to offer practically no choice at all. The France of the Fifth Republic is privileged to have as leader a man whose views are as clear as his resolutions are firm. Nevertheless, as Mr. Furniss has indeed pointed out, General de Gaulle's foreign policy has not been marked by an essential change from that of his immediate predecessors. He has been bound, as they were, by the imperatives of the situation. If, then, the new-found domestic order and prosperity have changed practically nothing as far as France's international position is concerned, and despite a few flattering attentions accorded from here and there, it would seem unsound to attribute the deficiencies of the Fourth Republic's foreign policy alone to interior instability and weakness. That is the error into which Mr. Furniss risks leading his readers by having seized on a point of view which is at once legitimate and too narrow.

The great mistake, one might even say the only mistake, of those directing French policy since 1944 has been to overestimate their freedom of choice, and in this regard the initial responsibility of General de Gaulle looms very large. But at the end of the reckoning, the pressure of reality has forced a return to reason. Yet how much time and how many resources have been frittered away! Whether all has been pure waste, of course, is not so certain. The war in Indo-China, for instance, has been condemned as the most fatal manifestation of anachronistic imperialism; yet, without it there would be today a single Vietnam—entirely Communist. Are the efforts to form a third European force also lost? The integration of Germany into NATO and the birth of the Common Market without doubt owe much to that.

More than one intelligent American has recognized that each retreat by France in the world adds up to an increased responsibility for the United States. Surely it would have been easier for the policy-makers in Washington to find supple and docile yes-men in Paris, but it was an observation of old Talleyrand that we support ourselves only on that which resists.

Professing and Teaching

The New Professors. Edited by Robert O. Bowen. Rinehart and Co., 1960. $3.50.

Why does a person engaged in teaching want to be a teacher? Because by instilling concepts of truth and vistas of beauty in his students he benefits mankind or, at least, maintains our cultural heritage and thereby is a *good* person. For others, teaching is a very practical vocation; there may be literally nothing else that a particular individual with his particular training can do to earn a living. Third, many teachers enjoy working with a given age group, they enjoy the personal contact and approbation they receive, and they enjoy watching the student's development. Fourth, and for many in the colleges and universities a more important reason, lies in the distinction between the words "teacher" and "professor."

A teacher instructs, he imparts established knowledge and skills to the students. He uses whatever device or devices he can handle most successfuly, but he does not operate outside of a given acceptable framework (unfortunately often established by law). The professor professes. He organizes, analyzes, criticizes, experiments, makes value judgments, and has no sacred cows. This is not to say that those who are called teachers do not profess. But those who would want to be called professors should be more than teachers, they should profess. And this, of course, is the basis of academic freedom.

When one matches two men with the same education and training, the same interest in people, the same professional competitiveness, and equal knowledge and skill, but one is a teacher and one is not, I suspect that there is still a fifth ingredient which distinguishes the professor from his non-teaching colleague. That is his desire to learn, to understand, to enquire, to explore, to re-examine, to test, to gain new insight into his subject matter. This is a purely selfish interest which is only incidental to his vocation. But under optimum working conditions, this selfish interest is stimulated, encouraged, and supported by the very nature of the vocation itself.

It is a truism that no two professors will agree on the what, why, and how of teaching and the academic life. And it is perhaps better that professors rather than non-professors write about teaching. This, at least, is

the basis for the publication of a new book, *The New Professors.* This book is a series of nine essays written by "men who are known to their peers, nationally to some extent, as 'good' men." The contributors represent various fields of academic endeavor and academic institutions, including one boy's academy. And one writer is no longer employed in an academic institution.

The editor has insisted on, and obviously obtained, spontaneity. He suggests that the book is really a symposium in which the writers try to show what the university profession looks like to the insider. The symposium is welded by two questions: "how did you get into the university? and: what are you doing there?" The organizers of this symposium are proud of the fact that the answers are not doctored by a series of editors and a publisher. The result, which is supposed to be "fresh from the Spring," is muddy and unenlightening. There is little clear analysis of just what is going on in the university life. Mostly, the essays may be defined as free association and as such read like therapeutic hours.

The first essay begins with snide remarks concerning the intelligence of people in television and related fields, and the last essay closes with a defense for the teacher of classic languages. For the most part, what passes in between shows only that the professors are human beings who became involved in teaching through desire or accident, but more often through inertia. My friends in the entertainment and advertisement world may get a vicarious thrill from reading the inside dope by those who know, but I am afraid that they will continue to see me through those images which they have already created.

The one bright spot in this book is the essay by Shepard A. Insel of San Francisco State College. Mr. Insel has come to grips with problems of teaching and education and makes some very pointed remarks. His essay is particularly worthwhile for the aspirant and novice in university teaching. Interestingly enough, Mr. Insel is an educational counselor and did his graduate work in the field of education. It is unfortunate that his remarks are buried in the latter half of this book.

Antioch College —Richard G. Yalman

Of the Many, a Few: A Fiction Summary

One sure fact about the neglected or misunderstood writer—he may win admirers, if he has them at all, more admiring by far than if he were successful and generously acclaimed. Karl Shapiro, for example, in his first collection of prose essays (Random House) names Henry Miller, the sage of Big Sur, as "The Great Living Author," and thus titles his continuously hand-clapping piece. Miller is not a poet, says Shapiro, though everything he has written is a poem "in the best as well as in the broadest sense of the word." Miller is not a writer, but "an author. . . . The writer is the fly in the ointment of modern letters." This may be nonsense unless it is remembered that Shapiro is *In Defense of Ignorance*, which is the title of his book. And the kind of ignorance Shapiro defends is based neither on unsophistication nor innocence.

> Lawrence Durrell has said that the *Tropic* books were healthy while Céline and D. H. Lawrence were sick. Lawrence never escaped his puritanism and it is his heroic try that makes us honor him. Céline is the typical European man of despair—why should he not despair, this Frenchman of the trenches of World War I? We are raising up a generation of young American Célines, I'm afraid, but Miller's generation still had Whitman before its eyes and was not running back to the potholes and ash heaps of Europe.
>
> Orwell has written one of the best essays on Miller, although he takes a sociological approach and tries to place Miller as a Depression writer or something of the sort. What astonished Orwell about Miller was the difference between his view and the existential bitterness of a novelist like Céline. Céline's *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* describes the meaninglessness of modern life and is thus a prototype of twentieth-century fiction. Orwell calls Céline's books a cry of unbearable disgust—a voice from the cesspool. And Orwell adds that the *Tropic of Cancer* is almost exactly the opposite! Such a thing as Miller's book "has become so unusual as to seem almost anomalous, [for] it is the book of a man who is happy." Miller also had reached the bottom of the pit, as many writers do; but how, Orwell asks, could he have emerged unembittered, whole, laughing with joy? "Exactly the aspects of life that fill Céline with horror are the ones that appeal to him. So far from protesting, he is *accepting*. And the very word 'acceptance' calls up his real affinity, another American, Walt Whitman."

Admittedly, all this provokes quibbling. How can we call Shapiro to account, his essay beginning with the sentence, "I call Henry Miller the

greatest living author because I think he is." Who can defend this degree of "ignorance" cross-bred with naivete? Shapiro can't. Yet in his discrimination between "authors" and "writers," I make no complaint. Here he has something of the artistic innocence which critics should retain as often as authors do not—at least those "authors" who make writing too obstrusively "interesting" and important.

Let's be undemanding, if at least expectant. Here are some novels at hand—and I have had some fifty under inspection this past half year. At the outset, I feel simple curiosity. My desire is not to read "writing," but to feel directly what a writer feels is worth sharing as an experience. The novelist, whatever else he's up to, creates in me an anticipation of pleasure, and he better be quick in what he promises as well as heedful of my easily aroused expectations. Almost let him say, as with Jane Austen in her parody of Marmion,

> I do not write for such dull elves
> As have not a great deal of ingenuity themselves.

The instruction of Margaret Kennedy (*The Outlaws of Parnassus*, The Viking Press, Inc.) is to the point.

> No artist, when at work, is troubled by the knowledge that he will doubtless be read by very stupid people. With the compulsion to write comes the instinctive assurance that he will be understood, if only he can present what he has to say in a manner worthy of that best mind. Should he fail, the fault will lie with him, not with the other. It will be his own stupidity which will intercept the message. If he takes great pains to make himself clear it is not because he is afraid that fools will miss the point, but because intelligence demands clarity. The objections which haunt him are not the cavillings of the slow-witted but the comments of the quick-witted. And he will, moreover, write with the intention of being re-read, although he knows very well that it is wasted labor. He will be in luck if anybody reads what he has written once, with anything like close attention. Yet this reasonable certainty does not prevent him from catering for the renewed impression, since the whole of what he has to say comprises both. This is how a genuine novelist works.

Most criticism, as Miss Kennedy here implies, is "wasted labor." The critic's impolite insinuation too often seems to be that *his* readers, anyhow, are, if not stupid, unable to read with "close attention." Miss Kennedy is all for "ignorance-innocence" as the initial mutality, or writer and reader will have no business together. Even "integrity," as she maintains, won't do. "Bad artists" have had integrity a-plenty. Even a "first-rate potboiler

is likely to be better written, to be far more worth the money and attention of the reader, than a tenth-rate work of art."

Let us go along with this, then. We read authors, not writers, the writer howsoever he labors with self-conscious degrees of art-consciousness. Intellectually, if insufficiently stimulated by his abilities, we are not primarily concerned. I have my "ignorance," which, if not the ignorance of the "dull elves," makes me master. Ever-willing for my authors to master me, I do not deeply care, if Mr. Shapiro cares, that my author "accept" or "reject," that he be embittered or joyous—but only that he be authoratively so. I care about what I can "accept," let his book be as long, as tangled of form, as "experimental" as it will.

But need "experiments" so often be dull? For example, a most interesting and compelling writer is the French woman, Nathalie Sarraute. The publisher, George Braziller, Inc., does us a service, bringing up excellent translations of her work, the most recent being *The Planetarium*. I have read previously *Portrait of a Man Unknown* and *Martereau*. As fiction, I must confess, these works are abrasive exposures to tedium. They do not so much wear me down as wear me out. The trouble is that Miss Sarraute is up to something that, by her stated intent, her reader must be up to as well. "I study psychological movements while they are forming, at the very moment of birth, so to speak, of reactions which cannot be perceived directly and clearly by the conscious mind, for the reason that they take place very rapidly, somewhere on the extreme edge of consciousness." This "extreme" edge accounts for the necessarily subjective, unintelligibly submissive exposure of the reader to such a passage as follows:

> Indignation and rage have aroused him, all his strength comes surging, he must take advantage of it, maintain his momentum, it will be right away or never. . . . But he must not lose his head, above all, not act too hastily, he would have to start everything over again, prolong this apprehension, this suspense. . . . Go easy . . . with the forefinger thrust well in the little metal circle, push the dial frame entirely to the right, let it come back to its starting point . . . one letter, then the next . . . now the figures. . . . It's the first move he has made toward deliverance; it's a challenge which he's hurling at them, at all of them out there, from this narrow booth in the basement of the little bistro, by dialing this number; a simple telephone number like any other in appearance, and this commonplace appearance has something thrilling about it, its heights, its magic character: it is the talisman that he carries with him always—his safeguard when he feels that he is threatened. It's the password divulged to the privileged few: permission to make use of it is conferred as the highest of distinctions. And he has been given it, he has been deemed worthy,

> he, quite so. . . . But don't rejoice, don't boast too soon, all can yet be lost, in an instant he can be ignominiously hurled back to them, humiliated, vanquished, immediately taken possession of by them—this time, their prey forever. . . . He feels like a hunted man on foreign soil, who is ringing the bell of the embassy of a civilized country, his own, to ask for asylum. . . . The bell echoes in empty space. Each regular, prolonged buzz holds his life in suspense. . . . A click. . . . Someone has taken down the receiver. . . .

I don't think I need to apologize if I take the paragraph above out of context. It is striking writing and there is drama realized here, the commonplace made into the fabric of the psychologically lurid. But it is not so much out of context as dipped out of the running stream of the similar: I can teaspoon this similar sip with a paragraph from any of Mme. Sarraute's numerous pages. Her two central characters are man and wife, *il* and *elle* (the author avoids the names for her characters wherever possible) who yearn to occupy an elderly aunt's most advantageous apartment in order to win the social esteem that will gain them entree to certain literary circles. All other situational or narrative circumstances are ignored. Two frictions, the wife's nervous system and that of the husband, are constantly in close-up. All spatial contraction or expansion is avoided for concentrated microscopic observation; there can be no narrative urgency; the reader can have no point of view, no exercise of the imagination. I don't have to be accounted original, I'm sure, if I simply say this is "verbal *pointillism*." From some certain distance, all would seem to fuse. From some certain distance, Mme. Sarraute's characters, biological and tropistic, like plants responding to heat and cold, light and dark, may become viable.

This is the "new" fiction, of course, as now efficiently practiced by Robbe-Grillet and Butor, among others. I don't think we need to ask where it is going. It has been there. It is the literature of a "method" and it is being written by clinicians, not by "authors," not by individuals, but by groups of individuals who practice together.

I'm not saying that the "author" who experiments gives me any initial handicap. All novels are experiments. We have a group of younger novelists and short story writers in the United States, in particular, who show little evidence so far of repeating themselves, of being "method" writers. One of these is James Purdy, and I have numbered myself among his admirers with the appearance of his powerful short stories, *Color of Darkness*. With *Malcolm* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy) Purdy sets himself again into a highly individualized world as he sees it. Presume that *Alice in Wonderland* were rewritten by Poe and Kafka under the guid-

ance of Louisa M. Alcott. Impossible? As with Pascal, Purdy sees that "Life is a slightly less consistent dream."

Two others whom I intend to keep reading, whatever they write, is H. L. Humes and Richard Condon. Organically, *Men Die* (Random House) is a prose-poem, is simply more an organized whole than was Humes' first, over-structured but abundantly talented novel, *The Underground City*. He centers on a single dramatic event, an explosion which devastates a Caribbean island which serves as an ammunition base for the American Navy. The focal character, Lt. Sulgrave, is one of six survivors (the others are Negroes) and it is the exploration of his violent love affair with Vanessa, the Commander's widow, which is played in counterpoint behind the horror and shock of violent death.

Condon's latest is *Some Angry Angel* (McGraw-Hill). A "mid-century faerie tale" the author sub-titles it. *The Manchurian Candidate*, Condon's previous novel, was about a brain-washed G.I., victim of a Pavlovian experiment, trained to operate as a trigger-man for his Communist bosses. The hero here is Dan Tiamat, a power-crazed newspaper columnist running wild in the world of present-day politicians and underworld hoodlums. Forced to conduct a love-lorn column, his advice is so brutally realistic that it is reality itself that destroys his correspondents, and, in turn, himself. Having invented such free-handed situations, Condon's plots and slap-happy writing style are mordantly cut to fit. He has descriptive persuasion as cluttered and indigestible, if as compelling, as a free-lunch counter.

> They moved along a corridor in tandem, she balancing on stilt heels, her buttocks moving like factory bobbins. . . . While he put up with his surroundings, he lived as a man in his position should: eating patriotically his Red secobarbital sodium, his White barbitone, his Blue amobarbital. If all the pills in all the pockets of modern men were tossed out of the windows in all the threatening cities, their streets would be more deeply covered than after the blizzard of '88. . . . The nightly list of those conquered by Dan Tiamat represented the very biggest. There were the people who were very big in New York, L.A., Vegas, Miami, and so forth; another kind of people who were more exhausted but very, very big in London, Paris, Rome and Jamaica; plus the really very big people who actually ran everything—the very quiet, very well tailored, very discrete, and very cultured men whose women sometimes chewed gum but seldom spoke, who could stare down a union leader or make a senator walk across a restaurant to say hello, or who could straighten out a judge here and there.

These are not exactly random exercises in hyperbole. Condon has a

point of view. His is no poison pen but a hypodermic; no nerve can be insensitive to its moral fluid.

And there are others to read—and all each has published. As I have always admired the South African writer, Nadine Gordimer (her latest collection of near-perfect short stories is *Friday's Footprint*, The Viking Press, Inc.), there is comparable anticipation in reading Dan Jacobson. His first book of short stories, *The Zulu and the Zeide* (Atlantic: Little Brown) appeared last year. Now current is *Evidence of Love* (Atlantic: Little Brown), the movingly tense story of a tragic marriage between a South African white woman and a man whose father is of mixed blood. A really good writer like Jacobson has run the risk of writing a novel whose subject matter is based on a tragic sociological problem; his characters must, to some extent, enact theme-centered roles. As a consequence, the fictive vitality thus stems from sympathies inherent in the facts of life rather than from the more elastic "facts" of a fictive reality.

The English novelist, Alan Sillitoe, has a comparable handicap, and one not of his own choosing. Sillitoe had been made much of because he writes of working-class people, both in his first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (Knopf) and his first collection of short stories, *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* (Knopf). The reader is instructed by the critical reception which the blurb writer summarizes on the book jacket that young Sillitoe is a precious rarity inasmuch as he writes about "the English lower class." He "breaks new ground" and is applauded because he isn't "angry." This is nonsense, if not some kind of inverted snobbery. Sillitoe's characters are English workingmen and he likes writing about them, as he certainly knows and likes them. He handles them in an accountably picaresque manner, which is the current literary fashion. The current literary fashion in England, it would seem, is that every young man's novel be welcomed as another *Lucky Jim*. The reason for this is that most young men's novels are written in the Kingsley Amis' slick, pub-cozy, let's-keep-cheerful-and-make-the-best-of-it manner. I wouldn't say Sillitoe *is* imitating anybody. He has his own warmth, and he can also be peppery. His workingmen's language is true coin. His title story, "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner" is a gem. And "Uncle Ernest" is another.

Readers of *The Antioch Review*'s fiction know William Dale Smith. His first novel, *A Multitude of Men* (Simon & Schuster) isn't going to be required reading in union halls. Smith's story-fabric is the torment for survival of a company union in a steel mill, a fight against organized labor. Heroes are uniquely non-existent in either faction, and these are

facts; Smith is even more concerned with the insight that machines distort all men's vision of power. Steel towns are not pretty, and in the bars and mills, in the gaunt houses and in the drab streets is heard a vigorous, tough language that Smith records with each blunt verb and adjective as spoken. The characters all burst from the page. It is almost a fault that minor or major characters have the same strength, that his men are more convincing than his women, but the over-all structure of this novel is of such power, a power that its author has had the push-button to set into motion, that not a single page is the inert writing-exercise usually found in first novels.

An equally impressive first novel is *Cain's Book* (Grove Press) by the Scotch-born writer, Alexander Trocchi. The scene is New York, but New York which is the nightmare world of the drug addict. It is written in the form of a journal, threaded through with Joe Necchi's memories of the past, his childhood in Europe. Significant, I think, is Joe's floating home, a scow, tied up in a canal at Flushing. New York with its Harlem and Village pads is Joe's floating reality, and he is only tied to it, as he is tied to other creatures like himself, by the impulsive bond of his addiction.

> We talked about how the world was just a conglomeration of rooms, other people's rooms, to wander about in. For ever and ever. For where our kind made a room the fuzz came, like something out of the movies, with drawn revolvers. It was like being at the mercy of a gang of belligerent children. We composed songs:
>
> *Where the buzz is*
> *there the fuzz is*
> *comin through the door.*
> *Where the fix is*
> *There the dix is*
> *comin through the floor.*
>
> There was soon something between us. There were moments beyond all disbelief of good generosity. . . .

All a reader can say is that *Cain's Book* is an experience equally of disbelief and horror, an echoing experience long after De Quincey or "The City of Dreadful Night."

As for *The Party at Cranton* (David McKay Company, Inc.) by John W. Aldridge, if a first novel, its hurly-burly has been pretty much exposed by its author's two previous works of ill-tempered and testy criticism. It may be fiction, at last, which provides Aldridge with his necessary hyperbole; it may be fiction, also, which will never serve adequately to handle the ludicrous distortions of the academic life. *The Party*

at Cranston is more fun to read than most such novels, probably because it has more fun in letting off steam. Anyway, any writer who has had to work in the classroom, and, necessarily, with colleagues admirable or not quite admirable, has wanted to write a novel about academic phonies. With responsible critical indignation and irresponsible humor, John W. Aldridge, I think, has done it.

It is a practical concern with "how to live" among men, men who more or less are engaged in the drama of getting a living not only in academic circles but in scientific fields, in business and politics, that has always concerned C. P. Snow. His latest novel in his series called *Strangers and Brothers* is *The Affair* (Scribners) which concerns the "trial" of Donald Howard, dismissed from his academic post in a college at Cambridge because of the suspicion of scientific fraud. Many of the characters here we meet again after an acquaintance in a previous fine novel of Snow's, *The Masters.*

I don't know that anyone has pointed this out, but Snow strikes me as a latter-day Galsworthy. His narrative pull is comparable; but instead of a prime concentration on class and family, as in Galsworthy, Snow has shifted to the England of his day where the "corridors of power" lie in professional circles. Snow's characterization is old-fashioned, heavy-handed; he writes with the nineteenth century novelist's panoramic view of the sources of tradition in English society. He is as plotty as Wilkie Collins; the reader always knows where he's going, as he knows with anticipated satisfaction that all the knots of plot will be untied. But Snow is impersonal; he lacks the "character" of a point of view, a necessary human vigor, always found in Dickens or Thackeray. In this, if he is modern, he also suffers. Fortunately, the insights are always there; he is more than intelligible, that is, "readable"; he has a respected direction of detached intelligence.

This review, as necessarily, with so many novels here at hand, is running thin. But we are still on the subject, which is "authors," not simply and easily, writers.

These then, are the novels of the past six months which cannot be ignored, if by recommendation alone, without much in the way of comment. I found another first novel striking, that of Ann Aikman, *The Others* (Simon & Schuster). Her treatment of two families, one earthy and "non-intellectual" who intrude on a husband and wife and adolescent son who are "different," who are "high-brows," is written in a fresh yet dead-pan style. The "tale" by Raymond De Capite, *The Coming of Fabrizze* (McKay Company, Inc.) reminds me of the early Steinbeck,

even of Saroyan. Fabrizze himself, an Italian railroad worker in Cleveland, Ohio, is a wonderfully comic, touching, invention.

Two novels about Spain, one, *The Fell of Dark* (Lippincott) by James Norman about the Civil War, the other a second novel by Juan Goytisolo, *Fiestas* (Knopf), laid in modern Barcelona—if I recognize that city here—are both recommended. Also, for anyone moved by Michel del Castillo's *Child of Our Time*, his recent novel, *The Disinherited* (Knopf), should not be neglected.

"Authors" are such as Harvey Swados or William Golding. *False Coin* (Atlantic: Little Brown) by Swados holds interest. Swados has solidity, though the "problem" of this novel—involving a group of artists too well-comforted by the munificence of a multimillionaire lover-of-the-arts—never seems as important as its author thinks. *Free Fall* (Harcourt, Brace and Company) by Golding is the weakest of his three novels, a psychological free-for-all with a painter which lacks the inherent suspense of *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin*.

Of Wiliam Fifield, I had read not at all until I took up *The Sign of Taurus* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). This novel is, most of all, a splendid evocation of Mexico City and the surrounding country. It matches Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* in this respect, though Fifield's central character, Countless Potolska, has as her problem not alcoholism, but, in spite of herself, a gift for clairvoyance. Fifield is a beautiful prose-master. This is an absorbing novel.

Comparable to Fifield in power of style are two of the most interesting younger writers of the day, Flannery O'Connor, who with her publication of *The Violent Bear It Away* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy) marks as much an achievement with a novel as she has, previously, with some of her well-known short stories; and *Set This House on Fire* (Random House) by Wiliam Styron. Styron's contrapuntal handling of theme and characters here, America and Americans, Italy and Americans in Italy, after a long, almost too long, prologue that is almost gothic in its foreshadowing of violence, makes for a novel with far more scope than *Lie Down in Darkness*. With this first novel, Styron commanded attention; with *The Long March* he sustained it. With William Styron one has to say now, "He must be read." And that means all of him. He is an author.

—Nolan Miller

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